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Selections.

SLAVERY AS INVOLVED IN THE WAR.

THE VIEWS OF GOV. SEWARD.

[The following is an extract from a letter of Hon. W. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, to Mr. Adams, American Minister to Great-Britain, and communicated by the latter to Earl Russell, British Secretary of Foreign Affairs. The dispatch is dated May 28, 1862.]

* * * THE power of a losing faction under any circumstances must continually grow less. But that of the disunionists is abating under the operation of a cause peculiar to themselves, which it is now my duty to bring forward—I mean the practice of African slavery.

I am aware that in regard to this point I am opening a subject which was early interdicted in this correspondence. The reason for the interdiction, and the reason for a departure from it, are, however, equally obvious. It was properly left out of view, so long as might be reasonably hoped that by the practice of magnanimity this government might cover that weakness of the insurgents, without encouraging them to persevere in their treasonable conspiracy against the Union. They have protracted the war a year, notwithstanding this forbearance of the government, and yet they persist in invoking foreign arms to end a domestic strife, while they have forced slavery into such prominence that it cannot be overlooked.

The region where the insurrection still remains flagrant embraces all or parts of several States, with a white population of 4,500,000 and a negro population of 3,500,000, chiefly slaves. It is thus seen to be a war between two parties of the white race, not only in the presence, but in the very midst of the enslaved negro race.

It is notorious—we could not conceal the fact if we would—that the dispute between them arose out of questions in which the negro race have a deep and lasting interest, and that their sympathies, wishes and interests naturally, necessarily, inevitably, fall on the side of the Union. Such a civil war between two parties of the white race, in such a place and under such circumstances, could not be expected to continue long before the negro race would begin to manifest some sensibility and some excitement. We have arrived at that stage already. Everywhere the American General receives his most useful and reliable information from the negro, who hails his coming as a harbinger of freedom. Wherever the National army advances into the insurrectionary region, African bondsmen, escaping from their insurrectionary masters, come out to meet it, and offer their service and labor in whatever capacity they may be desired. So many of these bondsmen have, even without the invitation, and often against the opposition of the Federal military and naval authorities, made their way from bondage among the insurgents to freedom among the loyalists, that the government finds itself occupied with the consideration of measures to provide them with domiciles at home or abroad. Not less than 100 such escape every day; and as the army advances the number increases. If the war should continue indefinitely, every slave will become, not only a free man, but an absentee. If the insurgents shall resist their escape, how could they hope to prevent the civil war they have inaugurated from degenerating into a servile war? True, a servile population, especially one so long enslaved as the Africans in the insurrectionary States, require time and trial before they can organize a servile war; but if the war continues indefinitely, a servile war is only a question of time. The problem, then, is whether the strife shall be left to go on to that point. The government, animated by a just regard for the general welfare, including that of the insurrectionary States, adopts a policy designed at once to save the Union and rescue society from that fearful catastrophe, while it consults the ultimate peaceful relief of the nation from slavery. It cannot be necessary to prove to any enlightened statesman that the labor of the African in the insurrectionary region is at present indispensable as a resource of the insurgents for continuing the war, nor is it now necessary to show that this same labor is the basis of the whole industrial system existing in that region. The war is thus seen to be producing already a disorganization of the industrial system of the insurrectionary States, and tending to a subversion of even their social system. Let it next be considered that the European systems of industry are largely based upon the African slave labor of the insurrectionary States, employed in the production of cotton, tobacco and rice, and on the free labor of the other States, employed in producing cereals, out of which combined productions arises the demand for European productions, materials and fabrics. The disorganization of industry, which is already revealing itself in the insurrectionary States, cannot but impair their ability to prosecute the war, and at the same time result indirectly in greater distress in Europe.

On the other hand, this disorganization operates far less injuriously at present to the Federal government and to the loyal States. Every African laborer who escapes from his service is not only lost to the support of the insurrection, but he brings an accession to the productive labor of the loyal States, and to that extent increases their ability to continue the contest in which they are reluctantly engaged. The failure of foreign importation as heretofore, in return for the exportation of Southern staples, stimulates the manufacturing industry of the loyal States. Immigration is accelerated by an activity in these States resulting from extended manufacture and the prosecution of the war. Thus has the phenomenon appeared, disappointing so many prophecies in Europe, that the war impoverishes and exhausts only the insurrection, and not the Union. I shall not contend that these effects would be perpetual. I know there is a reckoning for every nation that has the misfortune to be involved in a war, and I do not expect for the United States any exemption from that inexorable law, but it is enough for my present purpose that the penalties are neither more severe nor more imminent than the loyal States can endure, while bringing this unhappy contest to its desired conclusion. Let us now suppose that any one or more European States should think it right or expedient to intervene by force to oblige the United States to accept a compromise of their sovereignty. What other effect could it produce than to render inevitable, and even hurry on, that servile war, so completely destructive of all European interests in this country, which this government so studiously strives to avoid? I know that the danger of any foreign nation attempting such a policy, if it has ever existed, has passed, as I am happy in knowing that no foreign government has ever threatened such intervention, while several magnanimous governments have repudiated all unfriendly designs. I have put forward that hypothesis only by way of preface to a question not less significant—namely, what must be the effect of such a policy abroad as will encourage the insurgents with hopes of an intervention which is never to occur? Is not that effect visible in the obstinacy of the insurgents, in their destruction of the cotton and tobacco already cultivated, and liable to be brought into commerce by the return of peace, and in their studied neglect of the planting the seeds of their staples, and turning so much of the African labor as they are able to save into the production of supplies of provision and forage, to enable them to continue the war?

The effect will be further developed as time goes on, in opening a way for that servile war, which, if it shall be permitted to come, will produce infinite suffering throughout the world, and can only at last result in an entirely new system of trade and commerce between the United States and all foreign nations.

I need not say that these views are not grounded on any proceedings or expressions of the British government, and are to be submitted to them only, as they will be to other States, from a strong desire on the part of the President that the true condition of the present strife may be everywhere fully understood. I am, etc., WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

GOV. SEWARD TO EUROPE.

From The Tribune.

We have chosen not to be among the earliest commentators on Gov. Seward's just published dispatch to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, preferring that others should precede us in developing and proclaiming its real significance. The ruling British notion that the American Premier—to whom, while they deny the meed of statesmanship, they generously accord that of cleverness as a writer of dispatches—would seize the earliest opportunity afforded him by the apparently triumphant progress of our arms to say tauntingly to Louis Napoleon and Palmerston, "There! you see how your Confederate *protegés* are getting on!"—does him injustice not likely to gain currency on this continent. That Gov. S. has been an industrious functionary, no one will deny; but we do not believe he has ever written a dispatch save under the pressure of a conviction that duty required it. This new dispatch, then, had a purpose—one very obvious to all who look beneath the surface, yet one which we chose to have first pointed out and emphasized elsewhere than in *The Tribune*.

The N. Y. *Times* thus cautiously, and with needless circumlocution, indicates that purpose:

"After a comparative view of the resources of the national government and the rebels, Mr. Seward approaches the subject of slavery. A servile war with all its horrors, is, he argues, but a question of time, if the war shall continue indefinitely; and he shows how, even as it is, the industrial system of the South bids fair to be completely broken up by the dissolution of society and the escape of the blacks. The government, animated by a just regard for the general welfare, adopts a policy designed at once to save the Union and rescue society from that fearful catastrophe, while it consults the ultimate peaceful relief of the nation from slavery. The wording is here cautious, but it is not difficult to draw the inference that *Emancipation will be the policy of the government, possibly* in the settlement of its domestic difficulties, and *certainly if any European Power shall intervene.*"

The Sun more bluntly states the same obvious truth:

"The most remarkable part of Mr. Seward's letter is his intimation respecting slavery. He does not conceal the fact that this is the real cause of the war, or deny the social convulsions that may attend the solution of this question. His language in effect is that *Emancipation will certainly be the result of foreign intervention*, and may possibly take place if the civil war is prolonged."

The World wisely abstains from comment on the dispatch, and *The Herald* slurs over the gist of it in a paraphrase, wherein the point is carefully suppressed. But this will not conceal from the civilized world, though it may from the readers of *The Herald*, the fact that Gov. Seward, as the official exponent to Foreign Powers of President Lincoln's policy, has been impelled to notify those powers that any intervention on their part on behalf of the rebels will surely be countervailed by a proclamation of freedom to the slaves of those rebels; nay, that, even in the absence of such intervention, obstinate persistence in their rebellion by the Southern traitors may constrain the President to cripple them by emancipating their slaves.

Gov. Seward has been regarded as that member of the Cabinet who has most earnestly, effectively resisted the policy of emancipation. The fact that, while he still demurs to its immediate practical adoption, he steadily contemplates it as a practical, justifiable, and probable resort—one which we *must* come to if Europe interferes in behalf of the rebels, and *may* be forced to even in the absence of such meddling—is of immense significance. Gov. Seward here avows his own perfect concurrence in the general conviction that to proclaim emancipation is the shortest and surest way to end the rebellion. He shrinks from adopting it as yet, believing that we can succeed without; but, whenever convinced that we cannot, he, too, is for emancipation.

His is no peculiar position. Months ago, when the peril of intervention was imminent, a high naval officer of Southern birth and breeding, but a Unionist to the core, was asked, "What if France and England take the part of the rebels?" "We shall start a million men from the Potomac," was his ready reply, "with two million muskets, giving one to every negro we meet; and two months will see the end of the rebellion."

—But has Gov. Seward's dispatch none other than a moral value? It has. It has already compelled a strategic movement (which of course is not an advance) on the part of the general dabbler in other people's messes temporarily enthroned in the Tuileries. It is notorious that Louis Napoleon has for months been plotting a concerted demonstration against us. He has exhausted his arts of cajolery on Russia; and her final response is a formal declaration, through the official St. Petersburg *Gazette*, that Russia is very anxious for peace in America, but desires to see it effected through reconciliation and reunion, not through the triumph of secession and treason. He has done his best to win England to his views, yet the Queen is firmly, earnestly our friend, while Palmerston, though he scarcely affects to conceal his hatred for us and his anxiety for our downfall, is only confirmed in his conviction that our domestic quarrel is a remarkably nice business to keep out of. Finally, Gov. Seward's dispatch—which has of course been known to the French Emperor for weeks—has satisfied even him that he will burn his fingers by attempting to pull the Confederates' chestnuts out of the fire, unless he first binds them invincibly to abolish slavery. His chief penman and pamphleteer, M. de la Guerroniere—who has so often been "inspired" to indicate the path which the Emperor has resolved to tread—in his new journal, *La France*, treats the American question in a most elaborate and exhaustive article, running through three Nos., wherein he says:

"But, whatever may be the real object of this deplorable conflict, it is evident that the occasional question of slavery with which it was originally complicated, has given birth in the public mind to an uneasiness and a prepossession which it is important to dissipate. *Regarded as an energetic demand for independence, the cause of the South is respectable and sacred. Regarded in the point of view of slavery, it must always excite universal repulsion.* And when the Confederation of the South makes an appeal to the sympathies of the Great Powers of Europe, when she addresses herself to France especially, *there must not be on this important point the slightest misunderstanding.* France is everywhere in the modern world the guide of civilization, the powerful initiator of liberty and right, the indefatigable missionary of the God of Justice in the work of universal progress; she does not only occupy herself with the material interests of any enterprise, but especially and before all with the moral and to be attained. It has been said, with reason, that France is the only nation which fights for an idea, and history shows the glorious sacrifices she has made every time the sacred cause of humanity was at stake. Therefore when the aid and support of this great and generous nation are invoked, the nation demanding this aid and support must first place herself at the height to which France has attained; the principles which good consciences reprove and which the moral law has long ago condemned, must be renounced. The Southern Confederacy asserts with, as we believe, an incontestible verity, that she did not take up arms to maintain slavery, but to protect her menaced independence. Let her, therefore, have the courage to prove by a striking act the sincerity of this assertion! *Let her close the mouth of her detractors by a heroic resolution!* She forms to-day an organized State, with a Constitution, a supreme head, and a national representation. Let these several powers, or, if need be, her people entire, solemnly declare that slavery is only the pretext and not the object of the division, and, in a spirit of civilization and of wise statesmanship, decree in principle the progressive abolition of slavery. When under the vivifying breath of liberty and of right the chains of the slaves shall have fallen, when free labor, everywhere still grand and glorious, notwithstanding the inevitable sufferings of the lower classes, shall have replaced heathen slavery, is it possible that a society so strongly organized, so powerful, so intelligent as American society, shall not arrive at solution of the question of emancipation? When autocratic Russia effaces from her regenerated soil the last vestiges of servility, is it possible that the America of Franklin and Washington, the country of antique liberty, bends still under the yoke human beings, and regards as vile merchandise the free creatures of God? No, this fatal misunderstanding ought to cease, and immediately an immense plaudit will burst from the world, and the cause of the South, in future, disengaged from the prejudices which slavery excites against her, will have gained universal sympathy, and will be able to escape from the perilous ground of alarmed morality to place herself on that of a practical policy!"

"In any case, a prejudice, if we may thus call it, but an invincible prejudice, raises itself up between civilized Europe and the Confederate States; it is doubtful whether they succeed in obtaining the recognition of their independence and their rights so long as the great reparatory act shall not have dissipated, on this subject, the prejudices of public opinion. Their moral dignity counsels them to such an act; their interest imposes it; for, when the American question shall be concentrated into the limits of interests exclusively political, the justice of the cause of the South will appear palpable in the eyes of the most prejudiced."

—All this is clear and unmistakable. The rebels are urgent for recognition and intervention. Slidell, their ablest intriguer, followed Louis Napoleon to his private retreat at Vichy to press their suit. Like every other traitor in Europe, he protests and insists that they are not fighting for slavery, but for independence and free trade. Napoleon understands the case; but he very shrewdly judges that, if *they* can't afford to own that they are fighting for slavery, *he* can't afford to fight for it, no matter under what subterfuge. "My good sirs," says the polite Frenchman, through his accredited spokesman, "I believe you! You are *not* fighting for slavery, but for independence, free trade, and all that sort of thing. But I have watchful enemies—my throne rocks occasionally—and those fellows in blouses who tenant the Faubourg St. Antoine don't understand your American sort of Democracy which affirms every man's inalienable right to larrup his own nigger. Since slavery is nothing to you but a great deal to me, you will have to abolish it before I can take a step in your behalf." Such is, in brief, Louis Napoleon's present attitude toward the rebellion, and we think Gov. Seward's dispatch has had some influence in producing it.

A BLACK MAN'S TALK TO THE PRESIDENT.

From the Paterson (N. J.) Guardian.

To the President of the United States.

HONORED SIR: As you are awaiting a reply from the negroes of the country to your recent Colonization proposition, you will not, I trust, think it strange that an humble person like myself should venture to address you. Not long since I was highly gratified by the assurance you, sir, are reported to have given President Geffrard, that you will not tear your shirt even if he does send a negro to Washington. This assurance is also very encouraging to me at the present time, as I am unable to see why a Native American Negro should be more objectionable to you than one belonging to a foreign country. Should I, however, manifest extraordinary stupidity in my remarks, please, sir, to extend your gracious pardon and be kind enough to attribute all my perversity to the tightness of my hair, which perhaps may render my cranium impervious to your most cogent reasoning.

In the outset, good Mr. President, permit me to congratulate you on your good fortune in having a sum of money placed at your disposal in times like these. In this respect, sir (especially if it is in specie), you are highly favored above ordinary mortals. Could you now but, also, enjoy the luxury of spending it, for the benefit of those philanthropic coal speculators you refer to, I can well believe that you might feel yourself raised to the highest pinnacle of human happiness.

The simplicity, good sir, with which you assume that colored Americans should be expatriated, colonized in some foreign country, is decidedly rich—cool and refreshing as the breezes of "Egypt," or the verdure of your prairie home. The assertions, however, you do make in favor of your assumption, are worthy of a passing notice. If admitted, they would make sad havoc with the doctrines that have been cherished by the good and great of all ages. Different races, indeed! Let me tell you, sir, President though you are, there is but one race of men on the face of the earth: One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all. Physical differences no doubt there are; no two persons on earth are exactly alike in this respect; but what of that? In physical conformation, you, Mr. President, may differ somewhat from the negro, and also from the majority of white men; you may even, as you intimate, feel this difference on your part to be very disadvantageous to you; but does it follow that therefore you should be removed to a foreign country? Must you and I and Vice-President Hamlin and all of us submit to a microscopic examination of our hair, to determine whether the United States or Central America shall be our future home?

Pardon me, sir, if I say you betray a lamentable ignorance of a large portion of the country over which, doubtless for some wise purpose, you have been called to preside. You forget Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island—States that are the brightest exemplars of progress on earth—where all men are equal before the law, black and white living together in peace and harmony.

But were all you say on this point true, must I crush out my cherished hopes and aspirations, abandon my home, and become a pander to the mean and selfish spirit that oppresses me?

Pray tell us, is our right to a home in this country less than your own, Mr. Lincoln? Read history, if you please, and you will learn that more than two centuries ago Mr. White-man and Mr. Black-man settled in this country together. The negro, sir, was here in the infancy of the nation; he was here during its growth, and we are here to-day. If, through all these years of sorrow and affliction, there is one thing for which we have been noted more than all else, it is our love of country—our patriotism. In peace, the country has been blessed with our humble labor, nor have we ever been found wanting in the times that have tried the souls of men. We were with Warren on Bunker Hill, with Washington at Morristown and Valley Forge, with Lafayette at Yorktown, with Perry, Decatur and McDonough, in their cruisings, and with Jackson at New Orleans, battling side by side with the white man for nationality, national rights, and national glory. And when the history of the present atrocious insurrection is written, the historian will record, "Whoever was false, the blacks were true." Would you, then, in truckling subserviency to the sympathizers with this bloody rebellion, remove the purest patriotism the country affords? If you would, let me tell you, sir, you cannot do it. Neither fraud nor force can succeed, but by the fatal ruin of the country. Are you an American? So are we. Are you a patriot? So are we. Would you spurn all absurd, meddlesome, impudent propositions for your colonization in a foreign country? So do we.

I trust, good Mr. President, you will not rend your garments when I tell you that the question of colonization, so persistently thrust upon us by the heartless traders in the woes of a bleeding people, has long been settled by a unanimous determination to remain, and survive or perish, rise or fall with the country of our birth. In our conventions, conferences, etc., again and again, in the most emphatic language, we have declared our utter detestation of this colonization scheme, whatever form it may assume.

In holy horror, disinterested sir, you may hold up your hands at what you choose to denominate the "selfishness" of the unalterable resolution; but, pray tell us, is it any more selfish than your own determination to remain here, instead of emigrating to some pretty foreign country; and is it as selfish as the desire to exclude us from a country where there is room enough for ten times the present population? Or is it, think you, as selfish as the coal traders and the swarms of contractors, agents, etc., for whose benefit you are so anxious to spend some of the money our liberal Congress has placed at your disposal? If it is selfishness, please, sir, to remember your own plea for the coal speculations, etc., viz: all persons look to their self-interest.

But pray, good Mr. President, why should we, why should anybody swelter, digging coal, if there be any, in Central America? In that country, where the sun blazes with a fervor unknown in these high latitudes—where a broad-brimmed Panama, a cigar and a pair of spurs is considered a comfortable costume for the natives—why should we, why should anybody dig coal? Do tell. Might we not just as well dig ice on the coast of Labrador? But say you, "Coal land is the best thing I know of to begin an enterprise." Astounding discovery! Worthy to be recorded in golden letters, like the Lunar Cycle in the Temple of Minerva. "Coal land, sir!" Pardon, Mr. President, if my African risibilities get the better of me—if I do show my ivories whenever I read that sentence! Coal land, sir! If you please, sir, give McClellan some, give Halleck some, and, by all means, save a little strip for yourself. Coal land, sir!

Twenty-five negroes digging coal in Central America! Mighty plan! Equal to about twenty-five negroes splitting rails in Sangamon!

It was my intention to have shown you, sir, the necessity of retaining the labor of the negroes in the South,* as freemen, but space will not permit. According to theory, white men can't stand it, can't live *honestly* in the South; we can. Henceforth, then, let this be the motto: "The Gulf States, purged of traitors, the home of the loyal, emancipated blacks!" And then, good sir, if you have any nearer friends than we are, let them have that coal-digging job.

Yours, respectfully, A. P. SMITH.

Saddle River, N. J.

* The Slaveholders' Convention of Maryland, held in '58, to take measures for the expulsion of the free blacks, came to the conclusion expressed in the following resolution, reported by Senator Pierce, Chairman of the Committee:

Resolved, That this Convention consider *any measure* for the general removal of the free blacks from the State of Maryland as impolitic, inexpedient, and uncalled for by any public exigency which could justify it.

A SPEECH BY GEN. FREMONT.

[On Thursday evening, Aug. 28, there was a great meeting at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, to hear a speech from "The Pathfinder." The Temple was crowded an hour before the time, and when the General appeared the waving of hats and handkerchiefs and cheering were long continued. Gen. Fremont was accompanied by Maj. Haskell and Capt. Nichols of his staff. Mrs. Fremont was also the recipient of cheers and boquets. As the General rose, two magnificent boquets were thrown upon the stand and remained upon the desk during the speech. Gen. Fremont spoke with great deliberation, without notes, as follows:]

I FEEL deeply the honor of having been asked to appear before you. I am gratified that you think I can say anything which will aid in the object of these meetings. But I trust that this object, so far as it relates to the enrollment of the volunteers required, has already been attained. The events of the last few weeks have made so apparent the necessity for immediate reënforcements, that I hope nothing else has been needed to procure a prompt response to the call of the government, and to that mute but strong appeal of your friends in the field, who to-day constitute our bulwark against the surges of rebellion.

The chances of war do not admit of delays. The enemy is pushing it forward with renewed vigor, and the loss of a few weeks, or even a few days, may involve disasters shameful to record and impossible to retrieve. In this condition it will never do to let differences of opinion as to how this war should be carried on interfere with its vigorous prosecution. First fill the ranks, and leave to those who stay at home the obligation of shaping the struggle to its proper ends.

But Massachusetts needs no other incitement to her duty than the certainty that she has one to perform. Under this impulse her people will come forward promptly and nobly, as they always have done (cheers). She will be always true, as in this contest she has been poetically true, to her historic record. The infant that here in the "Cradle of liberty" strangled the serpent, is ready in its manhood to destroy the hydra; and when I see, as I lately have had the opportunity to see, what kind of men they are, each one filling a place in society, instructed, intelligent men, heads and supporters of families, contributing by steady labor to the wealth of the State—when I see such men going by thousands and hundreds of thousands to the field, my anxiety is not in regard to the number who go there, but it is that their ready obedience and affecting confidence in the government will be met by a corresponding care for them in the field, and that these concentrated energies will be directed to results worthy of the sacrifices they are making (applause).

Therefore, I indulge myself in the pleasure of feeling that the object of this meeting is not so much to urge the necessity for further troops as to furnish an occasion for encouragement and sympathy to those now leaving for the field—the assemblage of friends on shore to greet the parting ship—and so, with a good speed to them, I turn, with your permission, for a moment to the duties resting upon those of us who for the time being are left at home.

I have just now expressed my anxiety that we should obtain from this war results worthy of the sacrifices we are making: How this shall be done and in the speediest way, is the question which threatens still more to convulse the country, and is making of the nation one great council of war. And it is right that the people should in this way jealously debate their vital interests. Not only is this their inherited right, bought by the first revolution, but it is also their sacred duty to keep themselves well and currently informed concerning the progress of this revolution, and to make known their wishes concerning the manner in which it shall be controlled, so as best to secure domestic peace, and restore it upon imperishable foundations (loud cheers). It is in this way that the vitality of our institutions manifests and maintains itself (applause).

In ordinary wars a soldier is limited to the silent execution of his military duties. But we are in the midst of a revolution where every citizen is a soldier. Rome had her laws special to civil war. Here the nation is stirred to the heart by a struggle for existence, and not only the life of the country, but the life of representative liberty throughout the world is at stake. It is not safe to believe that we shall be able easily to govern this revolution. And in the midst of such events it is not only the right but the duty of every man to express his opinions, and, however slight his influence may be, to employ it in laboring for the common cause.

Lord Herbert, when envoy at the Court of France, sent, I think, by Elizabeth—at all events at a time when on the personal relations of Embassadors depended peace or war for their nations—said to the French Minister, who had purposely provoked him, that "although Embassador, he was not the less a gentleman." He reserved the right, when occasion called for it, to act in his broader capacity. So, therefore, a soldier, but not the less a citizen, I will in the little I have to say to you speak my opinion freely (cries of "Good," "Good," and applause); but at the same time I will endeavor to do so with the reserve belonging to the first character. I will ask your indulgence if I speak upon a subject about which you are not at all equally united, but the proper treatment of which I think equally important with the proper treatment of our forces in the field; and if I speak of myself in connection, it is because in the suggestions I presume to make to you I speak upon my individual experience (cries of "Good," and applause).

Six years ago, when I had the honor to represent your views upon national affairs, I held, in common with yourselves, the opinion that slavery should not be disturbed within its existing limits. When the Confederate States announced their existence, their Executive proclaimed slavery to be the corner-stone of the new power. In Missouri, a year ago, as a war measure, I declared the slaves of rebels free (immense applause and cries of "Good," and great cheering), believing this to be the most incisive, searching and deadly blow that could be aimed at the heart of the rebellion (applause and "Good," "good," "Bully for you," and cheers). I judged it to be the quickest mode to damage and disconcert the enemy, and to gain great advantages with the least cost of life to the good citizens who were acting with me in maintaining the laws. A General in the field, in a distant and rebellious district, invested with pro-consular powers, I did this in the exercise of what I believed to be my legitimate authority (cheers). Later, as the war went on, I became satisfied that with its successful termination must also terminate slavery in some form ("Good," "good," and cheers).

I considered it then sufficient that some measure should be adopted by which it should immediately cease as a political power, and begin to cease as a social fact. But as the contest was protracted, the conditional opinions with which we all entered upon it, in my mind, gave place to the conviction that every advantage which the laws of war allowed to us should be employed, and that to be effective as a war measure, this act should be thorough and immediate. It became apparent that the slower process would be ineffectual. And so the events of the year have brought me to the conviction that there can be no lasting peace while slavery exists on our continent (great applause). Therefore, all other considerations apart, and regarding it only as a measure for the effectual suppression of the rebellion, I am in favor of the immediate abolition of slavery (great cheers), and in favor of using every practicable means to make that abolition effective (cheers), and so deprive the enemy of their great element of strength (great applause).

Wherever our flag, waves in jurisdiction, let it wave over free men (cheers). Let it answer all questions, and give all passports (loud cheers).

It is urged against summary measures that the liberation of the slaves would be an act of great injustice to the loyal men of the South. But can such a war as this be carried on without sacrifices from the loyal people in every section of the country? The loyalists of the South would be required to contribute a portion of what is held to be property, and for which they would doubtless be afterward remunerated. Against this the loyal people of the North give not only absolute property, but their own lives and the lives of those most dear to them (cheers). [At this point Gov. Andrew came upon the platform, and was received with loud cheers.] To them their loss never can be repaid. How then can such distinctions be entertained? And how can we in making war upon a country protect its vital interests?—separate it into parts, and for the sake of protecting the property of a class forego our greatest advantages? Such a policy would carry within itself the elements of sure defeat, and the real Unionists of the South are ready for the sacrifice. Nor do I share in the belief that there is a large body of Unionists in the South.

In my individual experience I have found them few, and in the progress of the war they have been fast decreasing. The danger which has attended the avowal of Union sentiments, the uncertain protection which we have been able to give them, the certain severities of the Confederate government, the unexpected length to which the rebels have been able to protract the struggle, together with neighborhood friendships and interests, have carried away many who in the beginning maintained their allegiance to the Union. In the whole valley of Virginia I do not remember to have met a Union man, and certainly not one Union woman (laughter). This element of their strength must not be underrated. It serves to show how thoroughly the feelings of the South are in this contest, and leaves no doubt as to what will be the training of the growing generation. Not only were the people not desirous of returning into the Union, but they did not entertain the idea in any shape—their only conjectures were as to the manner in which the separation would finally be effected. I do not think that our Northern people realize how many years the South has been preparing for this struggle.

The advent of the Natchez in Charleston Harbor, with Jackson's proclamation and her ready batteries checked it for a time in South Carolina, where there was then a strong body of men with Union sentiments—strong enough to have the consistency of a party and with its representative organs. Then quite a young man, I was among the Unionists enrolled, with a view to service under Mr. Poinsett, then the acknowledged head of the party in that State. Mr. Calhoun died a defeated rebel chief, but he left legions of young men devoted to disseminate his principles—young legions growing up in the faith of the principles to the establishment of which this generation has been consecrated in the South. We are at war with a people who have been educated to believe they are contending for their liberties; they are carrying on this contest with unity and determination; their armies have acquired the solidity and consistency of regular troops. To reduce such a rebellion will require the utmost exertion of our force and the immediate use of every advantage which naturally falls to our share in the contest. Their determination to obtain success is unconquerable. To subdue them their designs must be made impossible, and the unity which gives them strength must be ours also (cheers).

To secure this unity we must rouse ourselves to extraordinary exertions. Not only must every possible means be used to damage the enemy in the field, but we must guard vigilantly against the enemies in our midst (cheers). While you have been loyally occupied with the defence of the country and sending your voters to the field, the proslavery party has been stealthily and busily employed in organizing to control the elections, and to secure a victory of which they already feel assured. To counteract them you must labor—you must make it a matter of individual labor in order to give this force of unity to the work before us, and every vote deposited in the ballot-box tells as surely on the contest as a blood-stained musket left on the field. The endurance and steady courage of our soldiers must be supported by a united public opinion at home, and when some brilliant victory flashes across the clouds of war, let a responsive glow light up the undivided hearts of the North (loud cheers).

We might make concessions and give up advantages if our contest was for this generation only. If we were contending for ourselves only, we might compromise or let it go. Individual prosperity could be easily secured here or elsewhere where peace and stable governments reign. But it is for the long line of generations yet to come in whose interests we fight this battle (cheers). We cannot say, "After us the deluge," but must take the time with all its obligations. Our soldiers go to the field with no short aims. Their hopes are not placed upon the temporary success of a battle, and the impulses which govern them are not those only of personal fame. Remember how small their chance for it is. No such considerations would have carried them from their little home circles, where each absence makes a horrible blank. Impelled alone by a generous patriotism, they fight for their country's future—not its present or theirs; they have no other reward than the glory and safety of the country. Such men I have seen in the field. I know how cheerfully they bear hardship—how silently they accept wounds and death.

Go to the graves of these honored dead, and tell them the flag they loved floats over their regiment upon some glorious field—will their sleep be disturbed? Tell them that their names will be handed down with honor through the succession of generations—will the blood again thrill in their veins, and will their eyes glisten? Give them, then, while they can enjoy it, the satisfaction to know that their efforts have an object. Already you hear the tramp of eager thousands hastening to the prepared battle—your fancy in the restless flight brings you back the voices of their farewell. Except in dreams of the night how many of you will ever hear them again, those household voices?

Remembering these—remembering the hoarded treasures you have thrown into this gulf for your country's good—will you hesitate? People of Massachusetts, will you hesitate to strike with vital force the unnatural enemy who has compelled these terrible sacrifices? (Cries of No! no!) Shall this blood be shed in vain? (No! no!) Baptized in such blood will you not name FREE the soil where it was shed? (Yes! yes!) Shall a ploughshare guided by the hand of a slave throw up to whiten in the sun the bones of patriots who fell in this struggle for their country? (Cries of No! no.)

Crowd your patriot soldiers to the field, happy in their privilege to be there; make every fight a victory, but let the men who fall on those red fields die in the assured belief that their blood was not merely spilled upon the ground—that it went to cement the corner-stones in this great temple of universal liberty (great cheering), and when the roar of the battle, with all other mortal sounds, is fading in their ears, let them feel that their souls, too, are marching on to join that noble army (cheers) of martyrs which every good cause demands. Justify their sacrifices, and at once, by a great act, place yourselves on one of the grand pinnacles of history. And if on that summit the halo which surrounds you is tinged with a reddened light reflected from many a bloody field, it will not come from your setting sun, but will be the light of a new and glorious morning, which will illuminate the world (tremendous applause, which was kept up for several minutes).

[The bouquets that were thrown upon the platform were passed to Mrs. Fremont in the balcony at the conclusion of the General's remarks. Three cheers were given for Mrs. Fremont, then three more, and finally six rousing cheers for "Our Jessie," were given with stunning effect.]

THE PRESIDENT'S WIT.

THERE is one thing about the President's letter which no one can thoroughly enjoy but those who are familiar with the ambition of the daily papers of New York. Besides the wholesome competition of generous enterprise, there is just a speck of envy, and a mere shadow of animosity among them. How does each one of them glory in first publishing a coveted document, or putting forth the earliest news, or the doing of any other thing that shall set the world, for the day, to talking about it! A sensation *hit*, as it is technically called, is the peculiar ambition of the newspaper bosom.

The great dailies seek opposition by some such necessity as drives metals to the opposite poles of a battery. The principle of selection of sides, on less than vital questions, is that of opposition to some other paper. Unanimity disgusts them. Mr. Greeley is the only theme that seems heartily to unite all. Only on a hunt after Mr. Greeley will all the hounds run together. This is the sole unity of the New York press. Mr. Greeley has been the occasion of more smartness than any other man in America. A *Herald*, without abuse of Mr. Greeley, would no more be a *Herald* than a castor is a castor without pepper and vinegar. An *Express*, without a fling at *The Tribune*, would be a swamp without fire-flies. He is the only topic on which it has ever consistently held fast. Time will hang heavily on Mr. Bennett's hands when Mr. Greeley dies, and Mr. Brooks will babble aimlessly.

Lately, all the editors of New York have united their efforts to send Mr. Greeley to Fort Lafayette. The government was besieged, besought, entreated, instructed, warned, and even threatened. The President was invoked to arrest this arrant talker. The Secretary of War was urged, since he could not take Richmond, at least to take Mr. Greeley. The Secretary of State was plied; the Marshal, the police, the very mob, were implored to suppress Mr. Greeley. Things looked dark. Could any mortal man escape such a storm? No. Go he must, and take sea-air through a porthole, musing on fallen greatness, and gnawing reluctant crusts with a Grahamitic patience.

The bolt fell! Of all the editors in the United States, Mr. Greeley, and of all papers in New York, *The Tribune*, were honored by an act never before conferred by a President. Mr. Lincoln read *The Tribune*. He read Mr. Greeley's somewhat explicit letter. He, the President of the United States, sends to *The Tribune* a formal reply! What a newspaper windfall! What a stunner! Will the historic gentleman please mention any other editor made level with a President, by an equal controversy? There was fever in editorial veins that day! It was the old story over again of Mordecai and Haman.

The President loves to tell a good story. It seems he has a keen eye, too, for the ludicrous. If he had the genius of Hudibras and Rabelais combined, he could not have more wittily expressed his opinion of the hounding and barking of *The Herald* and its followers at Mr. Greeley!

The Herald has been vociferating and another venerable religious journal mildly consenting to our incarceration for plain speaking. We pray them not now to desist. We are near to honor!—*Independent.*

YOUNG FOGY'S CHANGE OF OPINION.

From the "Easy Chair" of Harper's Magazine.

WHEN the news of the firing at the Star of the West reached a certain city, the Easy Chair chanced to be in the counting-room of Fogy & Co., the great South American merchants. The Easy Chair is intimate in the House, for it is a family connection. The Easy Chair is full of fogy blood. Old Fogy was sitting at his writing-table, and as he read the Extra turned pale. "I hope," said he, "that the whole army of the United States will be sent to demand satisfaction and preserve order. I hate Republican politics, but this is not politics—this is national honor."

Now, as the head of the house was of the straightest sect of what is vaguely and amusingly called Conservative, this frank expression of unqualified devotion to the government was in every way agreeable. But young Fogy—a partner in the house—shook his watch chain complacently, and remarked, "Well, if they call out the Antediluvian Guard I shall resign, for I have no idea of fighting against Southern gentlemen, who have been goaded into a war." The senior partner heard him through, then said, simply, "Well, my son, let me know when you do resign, and I will have my name put down in your place." Then he turned gravely to his work.

This was a year ago last January. Yesterday who turns up but a square-shouldered, rugged-faced and rusty-uniformed young officer, who cheerfully seats himself, and says, briskly, "Well, Cousin Easy Chair, will you have the last news from the Peninsula?" It was young Fogy, fresh from the wars; fresh from the most constant and faithful service. He thought better of it. He did not resign. He marched when the regiment marched to which the Antediluvians belonged, and in all the sharp Virginia battles of a year there has been no brighter, braver soldier than Ned Fogy. He has been mentioned in letters and orders and speeches. He has borne dying comrades on his back from the field, received their last words of farewell for parents and dear ones, then closed their eyes and hurried back to another duty and to danger. He has lain ill and wasting in the terrible Chickahominy swamps, and been smilingly familiar with death and peril for months and months; but a steady heart, a clear brain, and a sweet temper have brought him out and made a man of him.

As we sat and talked, I could not but recall the morning in the office. The young man had been confronted with realities since then. He had been learning of a very sharp and peremptory teacher. Something a little more actual and practical than the conventional traditions of the house of Fogy and Co. had been opening his heart and mind.

"The army is in good spirits?" I asked.

"Splendid."

"They are really in earnest?"

"I bet."

"How do they feel toward the gentlemen who

drunken man tries to kill his wife, don't you think that the teetotalers are responsible for it?

Slavery was trying to kill the country. It had almost succeeded. "Watch! watch!" shouted the Abolitionists. Slavery, maddened that its crime was discovered, shot and stabbed right and left. "There! there!" cry the sensible Wickliffe and Company—"this comes of calling the Watch! Why the devil can't you hold your tongues? Let us suppress these fellows that cry Watch! watch! and all will be quiet again!"

Certainly: a dead dog or a dead nation are both perfectly quiet. And a nation of freemen throttled, with its own consent, by a slave system like ours, is the deadest and meanest of all dead dogs.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

OUR Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware subscribers, especially those who are in arrears, are requested to remit the amount they owe to J. M. McKim, 106 North-Tenth street, Philadelphia, before the 1st of October.

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

WHAT is to be said in this week of the Nation's agony? What word is sufficient in these days red with battle and hot with the flush of conflicting passions? The rebellion has placed itself fiercely and bravely in front of our armies, and compels them to dangers and losses which our Generals had put forth all their "strategy" to defer, in the hope that we might avert them by a compromise equivalent to a surrender. The difference between half measures and whole measures, between earnestness of soul and lukewarmness of spirit, is now demonstrating on the bloody fields of Virginia. The conspiracy which might have been crushed a twelvemonth ago has now grown into proportions which overshadow the continent and threaten to destroy the nation. And this because we believed that it would die a natural death, if let alone, and that neither men nor munitions of war could be procured by the conspirators! And even now we are flattered by tales of this being the convulsive strength of the last dying struggle of the rebellion, which overpowered, it must give up the ghost and blast the earth no longer. As if we had not learned anything from the bitter experiences of the last fifteen months, and could be deceived by these old wives' tales, in the face of the defeat and disgrace that have attended our arms almost everywhere and almost always. We trust none are deceived by these smooth propheesyings, excepting such as love lies and long for defeat.

Should Gen. Pope annihilate the armies now opposed to him, we believe that the material strength of the rebellion would hardly be touched. We argue from the premises which the last year has furnished us withal, and we infer that its resources of men are not only greater than we had supposed possible, but actually greater than we have ourselves. And this from the very fact of the lower and less complex plane of civilization on which they stand. Their wants are fewer, and the machinery of their political and social systems much more simple. This is always the case with despotisms. They can command all their resources much more readily and completely, especially that necessary for military operations, than governments in which Civil Liberty has built up a variety of involved interests and multiplied industries. These cannot be disturbed without much greater injury than the simpler arrangements of the despotic polities resting on the absolute, or virtual, servitude of the laboring classes. In the slaveholding States every white man, literally, capable of bearing arms can be called into the field without disturbance to the general course of production necessary to the existence of the Commonwealth. The slaves producing food enough for the subsistence of the army and the people, all others can be put in the field, if necessary. And this number cannot be much less than a million and a half of men able to handle a musket. The poor whites are precisely of the stupid and stolid material which is most easily worked up into food for powder. We have been assured by an officer of large experience in that sphere of society before the war, and who has witnessed what it could do in battle, that this is really the case. He said that the men of whom we read that they rush headlong upon batteries and close up ranks when thinned by our artillery, are of precisely this class, who are scarcely above the horses and mules that can be trained to stand the terrors of the battle-field.

The supply of common soldiers of this class, mixed up, of course, with a better and more intelligent order who keep watch upon them, we believe to be, practically, inexhaustible. And it is no friend to the nation who would persuade us that the men now in the field against us are all the enemies we have to provide against. And then we must recollect the infinite advantage they have over us in the matter of officers. This matter is not generally understood, and it is thought commonly that it is from West Point only that their officers have stolen their military education. This is far from being the case. There are no less than *nine* military schools or colleges in the seceding States, at which the wealthier class of their youth is educated, and has been for twenty or thirty years past. This has been part of the preparation those far-seeing men have made for the emergency now upon them. For that period of time the number of Southern young men resorting to Northern Colleges has been sensibly diminishing, and their education has been thus provided for. At these Colleges the instruction is not as exclusively military as at West Point, but their pupils are every whit as well qualified to make company and battalion officers as at the National school. In fact, every youth of the wealthier classes is as competent to drill a company, or even to command a regiment, as the graduates of West Point. What an immense advantage this gives them over us is to be read on every page of the history of this war, where our armies have come in collision. The education which our young officers have to pick up as they can, after joining the army, their antagonists have had in advance. And then they have all the energy which a well-understood, distinct and passionate purpose calls into action. Hence proceed those great Generals which they only have produced, or been willing to use, who have proved themselves so much more than a match for military pedants like Halleck and McClellan. With such materials for an army, and with men thus trained to mould and to lead them, we think that even the defeat and dispersion of the force now opposing that of Gen. Pope would by no means be the extinction of the rebellion.

In this state of things, we need not say what we hold to be the only hope of the nation's deliverance. We have repeated it in unwilling ears even to weariness. It may be part of the humiliation which is to punish our national crimes, that we shall have to sue to the race we have held while their oppressors robbed them, for permission to exist as a nation. It is but a just retribution, and we must choose between accepting it or our national ruin. As long as the rebels have four million of slaves to raise their food, to dig their trenches, to drive their waggons and artillery, and to form their bands, they will be invincible by us. It is equivalent to a million men in their service, over and above those in the field. Even if they have not armed their negroes, which has been affirmed, not less than seventy of them are connected with every regiment, as officers' servants, cooks, musicians, and teamsters, besides the large levies called upon for special service in the trenches or on fortifications. Here is an actual addition to their forces, as compared with our own, of at least two hundred thousand men. And these involuntary allies we have the power of converting into our friends and helpers, by the simple guarantee of justice to them, and we refuse to give it! Can we be said to deserve success, as long as we are guilty of this consummate folly? A proclamation promising freedom and protection to every slave seeking our lines or claiming his free papers of any United States official, would shake to its centre the system of labor on which the whole rebellion rests. How much they dread such a measure is to be seen in the threats of death hurled at Generals Hunter and Phelps for what they have done, and in the laws voting negroes taken in arms to the auction-block and their officers to the gallows, now before the rebel Congress. We have reason to know that a sense of the military necessity of emancipation has penetrated deeply into the ranks of our army. Officers of rank, of the most malignant type of Breckinridge Democracy, who profess no desire of abolition on the slight grounds of justice and humanity, have told us that victory and peace were impossible as long as slavery exists at all, and that this was the general sentiment of the army. Will the magic words be withheld forever? Is the dread of the secessionists at home and of the semi-traitors of the Border States to condemn this nation to disgrace and ruin? It was a true as well as an epigrammatic thing that a New York editor said to the able correspondent of the London *Spectator*, "that before the rebellion we were governed by 300,000 slaveholders, but now we were governed by *thirty!*" Is the reign of the Thirty Tyrants to endure forever? We will not yet despair, though hope has long seemed to be in spite of reason and evidence. The day of grace may soon pass away. An awful responsibility rests on the President, we admit, but it is one he cannot avoid, and he must choose between an illustrious or an infamous name in history, as the savior or the destroyer of his country.

THE PRESIDENT'S COLONIZATION SCHEME ON A SNAG.

THE President's project for deporting a portion of the most industrious and efficient laboring population of the country has received its quietus at the very moment when it seemed about to succeed. The following dispatch from *The Times* explains the state of the affair:

"WASHINGTON, Friday, Aug 29.

"The Chiriquî Negro Colonization scheme received its quietus to-day. At the Cabinet meeting the matter came up, and was long and carefully considered. In consequence of the representations of the Costa Rican Minister, as well, it is understood, as because of some other difficulties in the way, it was finally decided to abandon the whole scheme—at least as far as it in any way involves the settlement of a negro colony in Chiriqui. It is understood, however, that the President does not desire to have the matter abandoned here, and that Senator Pomeroy is yet expected to have some sort of roving commission, to make explorations through the tropical regions of this continent, for a suitable locality for starting the proposed negro colony. The plan, however, as laid before the public in Pomeroy's recent address to the negroes, is substantially killed."

The Costa Rican Minister insisted, it seems, that the parties of whom President Lincoln obtained the land for his proposed Colony (christened "LINCONIA" by the Washington *Republican*) had no claim to it; in other words, they are a set of speculators and filibusters, who hoped, by deceiving the President and the negroes, to put money in their own pockets. The Minister further represented that, while the Costa Ricans gladly welcome emigrants from every quarter, and of every color, and accord them every political and social advantage, they must object to the establishment of colonies on their territory, under the protection of a foreign flag.

As the President is anxious to find a place for the negroes, and to aid them in getting to it, we beg to call his attention to the following card:

SCARCITY OF HELP IN CHICAGO.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Help is very scarce in Chicago. Hotels are very much troubled to get waiters, or any kind of white male help. Now, I have no doubt two hundred good colored men could get good situations as waiters cooks, and servants here in our city. A good part of our colored population have gone off as servants in our army. Yours truly, GEO. H. STEWART.

Chicago, Aug. 25, 1862.

Here, also, is a paragraph from the Chicago *Tribune*, from which the President may, if he chooses, take a hint:

TAKE CARE OF THE CROPS.—While it is the duty of every man at the West either to enlist himself, or to do what he can to get others to do so, every exertion should be made to save the crops. In some sections we learn such has been the patriotic devotion to the government that fears are entertained that it will be absolutely impossible to procure the labor to thrash out the wheat and properly secure it or take it to market. In such cases let neighborhoods be organized as far as possible to assist the families of those who have felt it their duty to go into the army, to save their crops. This is in every respect a patriotic duty which no lover of his country and his kind has any right to neglect. Our armies and our people must have bread; our surplus is needed to feed the starving millions of Europe, and the country needs the money and the goods they will gladly pay us. On every account, therefore, let every effort be made to secure the crops as fast as may be, and in the best possible condition.

If the prejudices of the people of Illinois are likely to stand in the way of the employment of negroes to gather their crops, the President might call a deputation of his friends in that State to the White House and give them a lecture on the meanness and folly of such prejudices, entreating them, for their own sake, not to make fools of themselves.

While it is undoubtedly true that a few colored men had signified their willingness to join the proposed Colony of "Linconia," it is not less certain that the mass of our colored population are opposed to this as well as to every other project of colonization. *The Anglo-African* states that the Committee called to the White House by the President to listen to his proposals, so far from having been convinced of his plea, expressed their judgment by adopting the following resolution:

"Resolved, That in the present condition of the public affairs of the country, we, the few assembled, deem it inexpedient, inauspicious, and impolitic to agitate the subject of emigration of the colored people of this country anywhere, believing that time, the great arbiter of events and movements, will adjust the matter of so infinitely vital interests to the colored people of these United States. And furthermore, that we judge it unauthorized and unjust for us to compromise the interests of over four and a half million of our race by precipitate action on our part."

In the hope of thereby commending the scheme to the favor of others, it was announced that Robert Smalls, the negro pilot who brought the rebel steamer Planter out of Charleston and delivered her over to the U. S. Naval forces at Hilton Head, had made application for a passage to Chiriqui; whereupon the story was promptly contradicted, as follows:

"*To the Editor of The National Republican.*

"In your paper of yesterday it is stated that an application had been made by me to Senator Pomeroy for a passage to Central America. I wish it understood that I have made no such application; but, at the same time, I would express my cordial approval of every kind and wise effort for the liberation and elevation of my oppressed race.

"After waiting, apparently in vain, for many years for our deliverance, a party consisting of nine men, myself included, of the city of Charleston, conferred freedom on ourselves, five women and three children; and to the government of the United States we gave the Planter, a gunboat which cost nearly $30,000, together with six large guns, from a 24-pounder howitzer to a 100-pound Parrott rifle.

"We are all now in the service of the navy, under the command of our true friend, Rear Admiral Dupont, where we wish to serve till the rebellion and slavery are alike crushed out forever.

"Very respectfully, ROBERT SMALLS.

"Washington, D. C., Aug. 27, 1862."

For further illustration of the views of sensible colored men in regard to this new project for their expatriation, see a letter from one of them to the President, copied on the first page, from the Paterson (N. J.) *Guardian*. In point of sound sense, logic and wit, that letter is as much superior to the President's address as a Damascus blade is keener than a wooden sword. Read it and see!

After the foregoing article was in type, we found this dispatch in the New York *Times*.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Sept. 1.

The scheme of the President, though abandoned so far as it contemplated sending out families this fall, has yet produced some interesting results. The publicity of the measure has developed a strong interest in the movement among the negroes themselves, who have heretofore always opposed it. Within two days after the publication of Senator Pomeroy's address, he had applications from over one hundred families. He has since received proposals from a number sufficient to load two vessels. Among them are two sons of Fred. Douglass, who has written Senator Pomeroy the following letter:

ROCHESTER, Aug. 27, 1862.

HON. S. S. POMEROY—*My Dear Sir:* I assent to neither the justice nor the wisdom of colonizing the free colored people in Central America, or elsewhere out of the United States. The American government could far better employ the energies of this people by stimulating their friendship for the country, and giving them an opportunity, in common with others, to protect and defend its institutions. But I am not now to discuss with you the policy of this colonization scheme. The power and responsibility for the measure belong alike to the government. Option is yours—necessity ours. It is a hard alternative. To see my children usefully and happily settled in this, the land of their birth and ancestors, has been the hope and ambition of my manhood; but events stronger than any power I can oppose to them, have convinced my son that the chances here are all against him, and he desires to join your colony, and perhaps a younger brother also. * * * * I have never ceased to remember you, and to observe with pleasure and gratitude your fidelity to liberty and humanity in the high position you now occupy. I shall be glad to know that you receive my son Lewis as one of your colony. I shall follow him with my blessing, if I do not follow him personally. * * Sadly and truly yours,

FRED'K DOUGLASS.

Among those offered are twenty-two slaves, whose master, resident about eighteen miles from here, in Virginia, proposes to manumit them if the government will send them off. Senator Pomeroy replied that he must first consult the negroes in regard to *their willingness* to go. He wishes the colored race to consider the movement their own, and is willing to contribute his services as their friend.

The action of Congress in appropriating money for this colonization was intended to result in the removal of the slaves liberated in this District and the confiscated slaves of rebels.

Half of all the applications made thus far are from Maryland.

The Administration desires Senator Pomeroy to select a sufficient number of men from the applicants, and with them to undertake a trip of exploration, with a view of selecting a suitable region for a colony, and making arrangements with the authorities. His own views are at present favorable to the Valley of the Amazon.

REBEL FEARS OF THE NEGRO.

THE proposition, so earnestly urged at the North, to strike at the heart of the rebellion by giving freedom to the slaves and allowing them to work and fight for the Union, has filled the traitors of the South with alarm. As we mentioned last week, the rebel Congress, now in session at Richmond, has before it two bills intended to deter the North from enlisting black soldiers. The one was introduced by Mr. Miles, of South Carolina, and the other by Mr. Foote, of Tennessee; and both provide that slaves taken in arms shall be delivered up to the authorities to be disposed of, while their commanders are to be "hung or shot, as may be most convenient." The following order from the rebel War Department is another revelation of the mortal terror inspired by the proposal to let the negroes fight for the North:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, Aug. 21, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 60.—Whereas, Maj.-Gen. Hunter, recently in command of the enemy's forces on the coast of South Carolina, and Brig.-Gen. Phelps, a military commander of the enemy in the State of Louisiana, have organized and armed negro slaves for military service against their masters, citizens of this Confederacy, and

Whereas, The government of the United States has refused to answer an inquiry whether said conduct of its officers meets its sanction, and has thus left to the government no other means of repressing said crimes and outrages than by the adoption of such measures of retaliation as shall serve to prevent their repetition;

Ordered, That Maj.-Gen. Hunter and Brig.-Gen. Phelps be no longer held and treated as public enemies of the Confederate States, but as outlaws; and that in the event of the capture of either of them, or that of any other commissioned officer employed in drilling, organizing, or instructing slaves, with a view to their armed service in this war, he shall not be regarded as a prisoner of war, but held in close confinement for execution as a felon, at such time and place as the President may order. By order

[Official.] S. COOPER,
Adjutant and Inspector General.

Here is another rebel order, which shows how false is the pretence that the slaves are attached to their masters and willing to fight for them, and how necessary the latter deem it to terrify their bondmen by the most inhuman threats in order to prevent them from escaping to the Union lines:

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DISTRICT, DEPARTMENT NO. 1,
TANGIPAHOA, LA., July 12, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 6.—1. The Provost Marshal of the County or Parish where any slave may be arrested, together with three resident slave owners, to be by him selected and summoned, shall constitute a special tribunal for the trial of slaves charged with offenses against military law, and for minor offenses have power to inflict such corporal punishment as they may think proper.

II. *Every slave who shall enter, or attempt to enter the lines of the enemy, without a special permit from District Headquarters, or who shall come from within the enemy's lines, shall be shot, or receive such corporeal punishment as this tribunal may determine.*

III. Where any slave has been condemned to death by the tribunal herein established, the execution of the sentence, except in cases where the vicinity of the enemy may require immediate action, will be suspended until the sentence has been approved by the commanding General of the district, and an order issued for the execution.

IV. In Parishes or Counties in which no Provost-Marshal has been appointed, or where, from other circumstances, slaves arrested cannot be brought to trial, they will be taken before the nearest Provost-Marshal, who is authorized and required to take cognizance of the case, and proceed in all respects as though the arrest had been made in his own Parish or County.

V. Whenever it is practicable, and the owner consents to it, punishments inflicted upon slaves under the provisions of this order will be inflicted upon the plantation to which they belong or are attached, and in the presence of the other slaves.

VI. Provost-Marshals are authorized to use the jails or prisons of their respective Counties, Towns, or Parishes, for the confinement of slaves. The keepers of these establishments will be allowed the usual fees for their maintenance.

VII. All persons owning slaves, or having them in charge, are requested to read this order to them at least once a month.

By command of Brig.-Gen. RUGGLES.

L. D. SANDIDGE, C. S. A., A. A. A. and Inspector-General.

Dr. A. A. C. Williams, of New York, who was lately released after more than a year's captivity among the traitors, informs *The Tribune* that "the rebels are greatly alarmed at the prospect of a proclamation of freedom from President Lincoln. They prate about black flags, bloody hands, hanging, confiscation, retaliation, terrible vengeance, etc., but they talk with white lips and chattering teeth, showing a terrible state of fear. They think it unfair to force their men from the regular rebel service to guard the negroes at home; cruel beyond precedent to call the slaves from the fields, so that they cannot provide bread for them and their wives and children."

The Grenada (Mississippi) *Appeal* of Aug. 14—shows its alarm in the following paragraph:

"In another column, this evening, will be found the order of the Adjutant-General of Rhode Island, calling for a regiment of "colored persons" who will "constitute a part of the quota" of the State. The "gentleman of color" has at last turned up "by authority," to the eternal disgrace of the twenty million of whites who thus acknowledge their inability to conquer seven million. Whenever this regiment appears on the field, let the black flag be raised."

The New York *Times*, which has thus far opposed the enlistment of black soldiers, significantly says:

"Now, it is very proper for the rebels to shrink from the idea of the arming of the slaves, even by themselves, for they know to what den of horrors it will ultimately open the door; but if they expect that *we* are to be scared off from using this or any other means, if necessary, by any threats of theirs, they commit a fatal error. The employment of the negroes as soldiers is perhaps the only important question in the conduct of the war touching which there is a division of sentiment among the people of the loyal States; but the division is, after all, but superficial, and may readily give way to the teaching of events. The present course of the rebels is fast tending to change public opinion on this point. And if the rebel legislators wish to make the fusion perfect, they have only to adopt the menacing measures which these bills propose."

How the President can for an instant hesitate to employ against the rebels the instrumentality dreaded by them above all others, when by so doing he can perform an act of sublime justice that would exalt his country and secure for it the sympathy of the whole civilized world, is to us a mystery, to be explained only by supposing such a depth of delusion and blindness on his part as is almost incredible.

PUBLIC OPINION AT THE WEST.—A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Detroit, says: "I have travelled through the central portions of Illinois, through Wisconsin and Michigan, and have attended their public meetings, and mingled with the people, and sought to know their feelings and sentiments, and I do assure you I had no previous conception of the strength, the intensity and unanimity of their opinions. The policy of trying to save the Union and slavery, of neglecting to use the slaves as soldiers, or otherwise, or to proclaim their freedom and invite them to join us, was condemned in unmeasured terms. In equally strong terms they condemned the policy of allowing traitors or their families to remain in the Federal Union. They would drive them before the army into Dixie, and leave no concealed assassins behind. This is true policy, and will be found to be a necessity before the rebellion is subdued."

GEN. BUTLER TREADING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF GEN. JACKSON.

THE FREE COLORED CITIZENS OF LOUISIANA CALLED TO ARMS!

WHAT will the pro-slavery sympathizers with the rebels and the anti-negro Conservatives generally say to the following order of Gen. Butler, in which, following the illustrious example of Jackson, he calls upon the "free colored CITIZENS" of Louisiana to take arms for the support of the government of the United States? As the Confiscation law, honestly enforced, will make almost every negro in Louisiana free, and therefore a "citizen," we hope that, under this order, every black man in the State who wishes to do so may be allowed to fight against the rebels. Indeed we shall not be surprised if it should turn out to have been the intention of Gen. Butler, in issuing the order, to prepare the way for enlisting the slaves of rebels:

GENERAL ORDER—NO. 63.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, August 22, 1862.

Whereas, on the 23d day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, at a public meeting of the free colored population of the city of New Orleans, a military organization, known as the "Native Guard" (colored), had its existence, which military organization was duly and legally enrolled as a part of the militia of the State, its officers being commissioned by Thomas O. Moore, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the militia of the State of Louisiana, in the form following, that is to say:

"THE STATE OF LOUISIANA [Seal of the State].—By Thomas Overton Moore, Governor of the State of Louisiana, and Commander-in-Chief of the militia thereof.

"In the name and by the authority of the State of Louisiana:

"Know ye that —— ——, having been duly and legally elected captain of the 'Native Guard' (colored), First division of the militia of Louisiana, to serve for the term of the war,

"I do hereby appoint and commission him captain as aforesaid, to take rank as such from the 2d day of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

"He is, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of his office, by doing and performing all manner of things thereto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all officers, non-commissioned officers and privates under his command, to be obedient to his orders as captain, and he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future Governor of the State of Louisiana, or other superior officers, according to the rules and articles of war, and in conformity to law.

"In testimony whereof, I have caused these letters to be made patent, and the seal of the State to be hereunto annexed.

"Given under my hand, at the city of Baton [L. S.] Rouge, on the second day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one. THOMAS O. MOORE.

"By the Governor.

"P. D. HARDY, Secretary of State.

[ENDORSED.]

"I, Maurice Grivot, Adjutant and Inspector-General of the State of Louisiana, do hereby certify that ——, named in the within commission, did, on the 2d day of May, in the year 1861, deposit in my office his written acceptance of the office to which he is commissioned, and his oath of office taken according to law.

"M. GRIVOT, Adjt. and Insp.-Gen. La."

And whereas, such military organization elicited praise and respect, and was complimented in General Orders for its patriotism and loyalty, and was ordered to continue during the war, in the words following:

"ORDER NO. 426.

"HEADQUARTERS LOUISIANA MILITIA,
"ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, March 24, 1862.

"1. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief, relying implicitly upon the loyalty of the free colored population of the city and State for the protection of their homes, their property, and for Southern rights, from the pollution of a ruthless invader, and believing that the military organization which existed prior to the 15th of February, 1862, had elicited praise and respect for the patriotic motives which prompted it, should exist for and during the war, calls upon them to maintain their organization, and to hold themselves prepared for such orders as may be transmitted to them.

"II. The Colonel Commanding will report without delay to Major-General Lewis, commanding State militia. By order of THOS. O. MOORE, Governor.

"M. GRIVOT, Adjutant-General."

And whereas, said military organization, by the same order, was directed to report to Major-General Lewis for service, but did not leave the city of New Orleans when he did;

Now, therefore, the Commanding General, believing that a large portion of the militia force of the State of Louisiana are willing to take service in the volunteer forces of the United States and be enrolled and organized to "defend their homes from ruthless invaders," to protect their wives and children and kindred from wrong and outrage, to shield their property from being seized by bad men, and to defend the flag of their native country as their fathers did under Jackson, at Chalmette, against Packenham and his myrmidons, carrying the black flag of "beauty and booty."

Appreciating their motives, relying upon their "well-known loyalty and patriotism," and with "praise and respect" for these brave men, it is ordered that all the members of the "Native Guard" aforesaid, and all other free colored citizens recognized by the first and late Governor and authorities of the State of Louisiana as a portion of the militia of the State, who shall enlist in the volunteer service of the United States, shall be duly organized by the appointment of proper officers, and accepted, paid, equipped, armed and rationed as are other volunteer troops of the United States, subject to the approval of the President of the United States. All such persons are required at once to report themselves at the Touro Charity Building, Front Levee street, New Orleans, where proper officers will muster them into the service of the United States.

By command of Major-General BUTLER.

R. S. DAVIS, Captain and A. A. A. G.

Now that Gen. Butler has set the example of enlisting black soldiers, we hope the Governors of Northern States, especially such of them as profess to be Republicans, will not hesitate to follow in his footsteps. Let Gov. Sprague hurry forward his black regiment. We want to see him lead it down Broadway some fine day, amidst the shouts and plaudits of the people; for *then* we shall be sure that the North has made up her mind to put down the rebellion by destroying slavery, root and branch. What a day that will be for those in whose breasts love of country is the synonym of love of liberty—LIBERTY FOR ALL!

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

AMONG the Union prisoners taken by the rebels at the battle of Bull Run was Gen. Wilcox of Michigan, who, on his arrival at Detroit the other day, was honored with a reception not less enthusiastic than that awarded to Gen. Corcoran by the people of New York. He was led to the platform by the venerable Lewis Cass, and welcomed by Gov. Blair in a stirring address. Gen. Wilcox spoke at considerable length, describing the brutal treatment he had received at the hands of the rebels, and giving his views of the war. We copy a passage, showing the change wrought in the feelings and opinions of a life-long partizan Democrat by one year's experience as a prisoner to the rebels:

"This government is peculiarly founded. It is founded on the intelligence of New England. It is founded on freedom of mind, on the rights of man, and on the equality of the people in all respects. It is the duty of the government and the duty of the people to see that those rights are vindicated whenever attacked, and in whatever section of the country (cheers). These rights have been attacked by the South. Freedom of speech is not allowed there. The question of the day cannot be discussed in newspapers. There is a tyranny in all these matters which has squelched out freedom of speech, and such has been the success of this vile conspiracy against freedom that the ignorant and prejudiced and interested classes of the South hate the North, hate all her institutions, hate her enterprising spirit, hate her free schools, hate her colleges, hate her manufactures, hate her machinery, and hate that enterprise of hers which has given to the South as well as to the North that grand character of American nationality which they enjoyed. They hate the whole thing from beginning to end, and it is the design of those men, if they succeed, to wage eternal war against the spirit of freedom in the North. I do not speak in an excited way. I speak the words of truth and soberness, and I know what I say. They wish a firm and strong government. They all say they ought to have and must have a stronger government. Their society is built on slavery. Slavery turns out millions of idle drones. It is because they want the negro to do all the labor. They hate us and love slavery. That is the whole thing in three words. Everything has got to bow down to slavery.

"I have nothing to say in reference to the politics of the question of slavery; but I say this: Here is a monster that has risen up in our midst and that threatens, with its scaly folds, to crush out freedom, and its name is slavery (cheers). I, a Democrat, who have been always a Democrat, who am a Democrat this moment, who am opposed to interfering with the rights of the States—I say that the political government now seeking to fasten itself on the South is nothing more nor less than a monster, with slavery at the bottom and the scum of creation—Southern chivalry—at the top of it (laughter and applause). It is my firm belief that we, Democrats and Abolitionists, can now shake hands (laughter). There is no more need of talking about measures to put out slavery, or measures to protect the domestic institutions of the South; for this war with its thunder and its mighty revolutions, is of itself crushing out slavery, and you need not say any more about it (cheers). Mr. Davis and his compeers do not wish you to do anything more than to raise the banner of emancipation, because they know that the people of the South would be more roused by an anti-slavery war than by any other. I therefore am opposed to raising an anti-slavery flag, or making anti-slavery proclamations. The President is right on that, and I stand by him in it (applause—in which even Senator Chandler joins).

"Now, in regard to this war. We have got to close the book of the past year, and to let it all go as so much loss. We have been waging a brainless war—(VOICES—"That is so")—brainless for want of singleness of purpose or unity of military design. But the first evidence that a man is coming to his senses is the discovery of his error. To not underestimate the growth of the conspiracy, the strength of the rebellion, or the ability of the commanders of the Southern army, I take the whole thing into consideration. They have got now between 500,000 and 600,000 men in the field. I think they are capable of bringing perhaps 1,000,000, if not 1,400,000 men into the field. This may astonish you, but when you recollect that they are bringing all classes and ages into their ranks, it is not so surprising. There are many boys of from fourteen to sixteen fighting in their ranks and old grey-headed men. There is, besides, a large per cent. of the negro element in their ranks, which assists them much. For instance, they allow two negroes to each company for cooks, and then there are the drummers and musicians, who make six or seven per cent. of negroes for each company. That, multiplied by ten, gives sixty or seventy negroes for each regiment, and that is exclusive of teamsters. In this way the slaves are to them a very great service, enabling them to bring more men into the field."

This is pretty good for an old pro-slavery Democrat; but Gen. Wilcox, it will be seen, is still under a delusion as to the expediency and necessity of *proclaiming* the freedom of the slaves. Farther reflection will doubtless convince him of his error upon this point.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1, 1862.

I WAS called away from Washington suddenly a week ago, and in my hurry forgot privately to make my excuses to you, and got for my neglect—a handsome compliment. How can I then regret my blunder, as it has given me such a taste of your generous indulgence?

Here I am again at my post. Did it ever occur to you, my good friend the editor, what an unenviable position mine has been in past years, and even is now, in some respects? To tell God's truth about men and events is *anywhere* an unpleasant vocation, but to live *in Washington* and tell the truth respecting our leading politicians and statesmen is something more than unpleasant. One can, however, *live* here and do it now, but when the slave-drivers lorded it over everything here, and to be called an Abolitionist was like being accused of theft, murder, or some still more disgraceful crime, well, *then*, to be a faithful STANDARD correspondent here required some little courage.

It is worth the pains, the cold-shouldering one sometimes gets from so-called great people, to be able to write *somewhere* just what one thinks of men and events. This is the chief value of THE STANDARD to honest men, that its editorials and correspondence are direct, open, and faithfully severe alike to enemies and friends. In its columns one may say *exactly* what he thinks of Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Seward, or any other man. This is a luxury which, in spite of certain drawbacks, I cannot forego.

I need hardly write of the great battles of the last two or three days. You will see whole pages covered with descriptions of them. Of course I will not attempt to do it. But there has been terrible anxiety here. The President has *never* before been so anxious. This time he is really alarmed for the safety of Washington. Of course *somebody* has blundered. The citizens very generally lay the blame upon McClellan. They say his inevitable *slowness* has cost us thousands of lives within a week. I do not know enough of the facts to pronounce judgment on the case. The President, it is said, was very angry Saturday at McClellan's dilatoriness, but he may have forgotten it before to-day. It seemed for a time as if the rebels were about to drive the President in disgrace from the Capital. It is not unlikely that Mr. Lincoln about that time thought somewhat earnestly upon the subject of an emancipation proclamation. I have found that when the enemy pushes hardest—when he threatens "the black flag," or "retaliatory acts," then it is that the government here feels most like risking slave insurrections "for the sake of preserving the Union." It seems, therefore, that a little adversity is good for the government, enough to give the gentlemen composing it a full sense of the infamous character of the rebellion and of the rebels themselves.

There is still *hope* that Mr. Lincoln and Gen. Halleck will do their duty on this great question of slavery. A Western gentleman was conversing with a prominent member of the government the other day, when the following question was asked the Westerner: "I trust you are now satisfied with the vigor displayed by the government." The reply was abrupt, and as truthful as abrupt: "No, sir! I am *not* satisfied with the style of vigor displayed. It is all distributed among the free States. You apply the draft—upon whom? Five out of six of the States suffering from this 'display of vigor' are free and loyal States. So in the arbitrary arrests made. It is the people of free States who are thus arrested. The Constitution is openly violated to enable you to punish certain Northern citizens—yet you plead that same Constitution in defence of slavery! No, sir! Your vigor is directed against *us*—not against the rebels!" Of course this was stating the case rather strongly, more so than I would state it, perhaps, but was there not a grain of truth in the reply?

I know not what to write respecting the great battles that have been fought within a few days, and the fight that has perhaps not even yet ended. The smoke of the battle-field is not yet cleared away. There is of course great agitation here, and much anxiety for the future. There was more real solicitude for the safety of the Capital on Thursday and Friday than at any time since the rebellion began. So long as Pope was not heard from, so long as he was practically cut off from his government, and Jackson was near the Potomac fortifications with from thirty to fifty thousand men, the suspense of the government and of all our citizens (except the rebels) was agonizing. It was hardly endurable. When Pope was heard from, the aspect of the situation was more cheering. Since then, though terrific fighting has been the order of the day, matters have been mending.

McClellan is in disgrace. So I hear upon pretty good authority. He was ordered by Gen. Halleck to forward troops instantly to Gen. Pope. He took his time for the work—rumor says kept the order in his pocket twenty-four hours—and in consequence Pope had to make a desperate fight and came near losing the battle. Mr. Lincoln, for once, got angry, and was inclined to dismiss McClellan incontinently (so rumor has it), but contented himself with drawing off all his troops, and leaving the mighty Captain in quietude and peace at Alexandria! To use a slang phrase, but an expressive one, I think that McClellan is "played out." Pope brags a good deal, sometimes comes very near to lying, but he fights. He will *do something*, even if he sometimes blunders.

Fugitive slaves are pouring into Alexandria and the country lying along the Potomac from the whole region of country lying between Richmond and Washington. Seeing that our troops are retreating, they follow them up, seizing upon what they think is their last opportunity to gain their freedom. Thousands of these poor creatures are flocking in this direction, and it is high time that they should be permitted to help themselves, as they desire to do, by honest labor. The government will do all in its power to make them comfortable and give them work, but there is still need of private charity. AVON.

DR. BROWNSON FOR CONGRESS.—It is proposed, we understand, by the freedom-loving portion of the people of Eastern New Jersey, to send Orestes A. Brownson, of Elizabethtown, to Congress. We certainly hope the proposal may be carried into effect. Dr. Brownson is not quite free from the prevailing prejudice against the negro, but he is for cutting up slavery, root and branch, as the only means of putting down the Rebellion.

UNFOUNDED REPORT—We repeated last week the current report that the wife of Robert Dale Owen was among the passengers lost in the steamer Acacia, lately wrecked on the Mississippi. We are happy to say that the report proves to have been unfounded. Mrs. Owen not having been among the passengers on the ill-fated steamer.

INSTRUCTION IN FRENCH.—To such of our readers as may desire instruction for themselves or their children in the French Language, Literature and History, we commend the advertisement of Prof. Fezandié in another column. We believe him to be a competent teacher and a trustworthy man.

LETTER OF A NORTHERN WOMAN TO HER FRIEND IN THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I SEND you a letter written by a young lady whom we both know and esteem. It is addressed to another young lady, a friend of hers, in the Southern part of our land. Even though her arguments may not be new to us, yet there is such a freshness and force in her way of stating them, that I thought the letter, or parts of it, ought to be published. S. L. L.

MY DEAR FRIEND LUCY: I was surprised to get a letter from you, for I imagined that you, too, had fallen a victim to the Southern delusion. When I wrote you last April, I thought you were a Secessionist. I am equally surprised and glad to hear that you still love the old flag. You declare yourself a Unionist, but you defend slavery. You are for the "Union as it *was*"—in other words, you would have us try to conquer peace and maintain *the cause* of the war! The Devil shows himself under two forms—a lion and a serpent—the Secessionist is the lion, the *pro-slavery* Unionist the serpent. The people of this country are beginning to recognize that the *pro slavery* Unionist is a much more dangerous enemy to our Democratic institutions than the open Secessionist. The Secessionist denies Republican principles, and vauntingly defies the Declaration of Independence; he takes his ground in frank antagonism to both, and openly avows that he is fighting for *slavery*. The pro-slavery Unionist begins by asserting his reverence for the Republic, his adoration of the Declaration of Independence. He will fight for his own liberty—indeed, he is willing that every soul in America should be free, except 4,000,000 of men, women and children, to whom God gave black skins! Thus, he, too, is in reality fighting to protect that very institution for which the Secessionist is fighting. The difference is, that the *practice* of the Secessionist is consistent with his *theory*, while the practice of the pro-slavery Unionist is exactly antagonistic to his theory. The very fundamental idea of a republic is the *equality of all men*—not as a question of superiority of training or position, but as human beings created alike by God in his own image, in whose souls he breathed the breath of e

slavery, and warned their country against it. They believed that the age of war and barbarism had passed away. They wished this conflict between slavery and freedom to be a conflict of ideas and opinions, not of bullets and blood—a *moral* agitation, consistent with the civilization of the nineteenth century. They have been for years imploring the government to provide a peaceful means of immediate emancipation, warning it that if it did not do so, the life of the republic would be in terrible danger, and war and blood would follow. The warning of the Abolitionists has come true. To-day slavery has sprung up into thousands of traitors, armed to the teeth, whose very war cry is a yell against the republic and national liberty. Is the Abolitionist responsible for all this suffering against which he has been so long imploringly warning his country? He is as guilty as John the Baptist was when he cried out, "Repent, repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

You say most of the slaves love their masters. This war has told a different story. Sherman went to South Carolina, bolted his doors against the blacks, and sent abroad the most tenderly hospitable invitations to the "noble Carolinians." The noble Carolinians ran away in one direction, while thousands of blacks were running in another towards our ships. Everywhere the negro has shown himself firmly on the side of the Union. His master has told him that the North would sell him to Cuba. Our officers have turned him back from our lines, yet he has never seemed discouraged. Even his slanderers are so sure of his fidelity to the Union that they never dream of doubting the information a "contraband" brings. The negroes have been willing to do anything for us, from blacking boots up to shouldering a musket. We owe some of our victories to them, while some of our defeats may be traced to pro-slavery officers refusing to receive them in camp when they came to bring important information. We Northerners owe them respect and gratitude, for they have been faithful to us through every discouragement, and aided us when we ourselves placed every obstacle in their way.

You ask what will be done with these "lazy niggers" in case of emancipation. At present we will use them to aid us in every way—if necessary, we will give them muskets and bid them use them. Can't a black hand send a bullet as well as a white? Can't a black body stop a bullet as well as a white body? Shall we guard them to the South to use a musket to aid the rebellion, and refuse to take them on our side to help the Union? It won't do to say they can't make good soldiers. Jackson and La Fayette told a different story.

You think slavery is a blessing to the negro race. How much of a blessing is it to the whites at the South? Look at the degraded condition of the South to-day. You have many advantages of soil and position over the North. What has kept you so far behind her? Where are your manufactures, your science, your art, your literature? As to what to do with the slaves, a much more important question is what to do with the slaveholders. The slave has been accustomed to work, and can do something to support himself, but the slaveholder has been left idle to traffic in flesh and blood, and give expression to every passion of tyranny in him. So he will be the greatest obstacle to our progress and peace, and not the negro.

The pro-slavery people cry out that the negro is a lazy creature and won't work under any circumstances, and in the same breath they tell the working classes of the North that if he is free and comes here to the North, he will monopolize all the labor!! The negro will want to stay *where he is*—he will cultivate cotton and rice, as he has done for so many years; but instead of being driven to it under the sting of the lash, like a beast, he will labor like a *man* who feels he has an incentive—who is conscious that he too may have some hope towards progress and education. You say they are an inferior race. If so, then all the more reason, according to the primal law of Christianity, that we should help and elevate him and not debase him. To day the people of the North are demanding emancipation as the only means of crushing the rebellion. Hundreds of men are demanding it from self-interest, recognizing no "higher law" than that which fills their pockets; but thank God there are, too, many noble, trusting souls here who only view this great question in the light of divine justice, and who know that the *Right* Way is always the Safe Way. There are times in the history of nations as well as individuals when God offers some sublime opportunity of salvation which, unheeded, comes not back again. This opportunity of emancipation *now* is a sublime privilege offered us as a nation to do an act of Divine love and justice, which would make us great in the eyes of the civilized world, and wise to use the immortal glory of a grand moral triumph. If we do not seize this opportunity now, then slavery will reestablish itself more firmly than ever, and the Republic will die of the poison. This would be death to liberty not only to us here, but a fearful and staggering blow to the hope and faith of every trusting soul *everywhere* who loves liberty and has looked to America as its beacon light. But the good time is coming. Events in their grand march will not only conquer but *convert*. To try to stop the tide of Abolition now would be like Mrs. Partington attempting to sweep back the waves on the sea shore.

Thank God that Liberty, that like Lazarus has been bound hand and foot and has seemed dead and buried, is but waiting for the Divine touch of the Christ to call it into a glorious resurrection. The Christ will come!

"THE POLICY OF ENGLAND."

From time to time we have evidence that the *whole* British people have not so far forgotten themselves, and the most honorable part of their history, as to exult in the rebellion of the American slaveholders, rejoice in their successes and lament their defeats, though so many of high position and influence in that country do that continually, to their shame. In the Birmingham *Daily Post* of July 16th, which now lies before us, we have some evidence of this kind. This journal, we are informed, has a very large circulation and influence in the heart of England, and its rebuke of the London *Times* is all the more valuable. We take the following from its editorial columns:

"The policy of England is as clearly mapped out as ever. Absolute neutrality is not only our interest, but our duty. Such motions as that which Mr. Lindsay is to bring forward on Friday should be rigidly put aside, if possible, without discussion. We are already suffering bitterly enough from the American contest without adding to our present burdens the miseries of another war. And while steadfastly maintaining the policy we have hitherto pursued, it would be well if certain powerful organs of the English press would discuss American affairs with a little more temper and forbearance. * * * * The unfriendly feeling of America is not likely to be softened by the expression of a judgment like that which appeared yesterday in the leading journal. It is neither wise nor true to say that, 'like monkeys grinning and chattering at mischief done in the mere instinct of wantonness, the American people have been triumphing in the distress they have been able to cause in our cotton districts, and their press gains popularity by depicting starvation in Lancashire.' If the English press stoops to language like this, it will have no right to condemn the scandalous abuse of the American journals; and what is still more to be lamented, it will lie open to the charge of having used its great influence to propagate the most odious calumnies and to embroil two kindred nations in a fratricidal war."

In the same paper we find also a communication from S. A. Goddard, Esq., a well-known merchant of Birmingham, a native (we learn) of this country, though a resident of that for the greater part of his life. Mr. Goddard has been an active friend of this country during the whole struggle between the government and the slaveholders, and has received the personal thanks of leading Americans in England, for the value of the services he has rendered the American cause by his well-argued communications in several leading public journals. From his letter to the Editor of *The Daily* (Birmingham) *Post*, we make the following extract; and we rejoice to know that such voices are lifted up in England in behalf of freedom, and in resolute hostility to the infamous schemes of slavery and all its allies. May these voices continue, and be multiplied.

SIR: We hear that "the recent victories gained by the rebels before Richmond have created a profound sensation in London," and the English press for the most part is jubilant on the occasion. Let it be so; there is no objection to it; only let it be understood that this portion of the press sides with the pro-slavery rebels, and has no real sympathy for the freedom either of the blacks or the whites. If ever there was a war of freedom against slavery, this is one; if ever there was a war which was to test, and to be a final test for at least a century, whether constitutional freedom with equal rights for man is to be maintained, or whether mankind is hereafter to be ruled by a despotism of the few, this is that war. The question is fairly before the British people; there is no mistake about it, however some may attempt to mystify it; and if they choose to sustain the press in its advocacy of slavery and despotism, let them do so; the Americans will not complain, but they will have it understood fairly and squarely. If the press and the people are "down upon them" on every occasion of their adversities; then they will know how to value their friendships in days of prosperity, mourning, however, over the fact that a people, pretending to unbounded philanthropy, will insist upon riveting the chains of the black, and in assisting to consign mankind to endless political bondage. * * * * * Letters from New Orleans state that Gen. Butler had succeeded in restoring order. Previous to his arrival in that city no man's life was safe, if out in the evening. It was estimated that there had been more vagabonds lounging about the streets, armed with bowie-knives and pistols, than the whole number of his troops. Now the whole thing is changed. Security is felt by all, and great numbers of the respectable portion of the community are holding meetings, thanking Gen Butler, and taking the oath of allegiance. It is stated that females may now walk through the city from one part to the other, at any time of day or night, without the slightest danger from insult, and that New Orleans, from being one of the most "rowdy" places on earth, is assuming the appearance, in respect to order and sobriety, of a New England city. S. A. GODDARD.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR UNCLE SAMUEL.

THE National Physician, having received a pressing letter, calling immediate attention to the critical case of our patient "Uncle Sam" and demanding an immediate prescription, sent the following lucid and entirely satisfactory indication of the course of treatment to be pursued. The friends of our respected sick relative will be glad to be thus assured that something is to be immediately done, if something else is not decided upon. We copy from the New York *Mercury*.

I have just received your letter in regard to the illness of "Uncle Samivel."

If there be any statements or assumptions therein as to the diagnosis or symptoms of "Samivel's" ailments which I *know* to be erroneous, I do not *commit myself* by denying the facts.

If you draw any inferences, which I *think* you *falsely* draw, I do not *commit myself* by arguing against them.

If you are impatient and dictatorial, I waive it, because you are an *old* friend; and in deference to my new friends, and because your heart, if you have one (I do not commit myself on that point), I supposed, once, was in your bosom, and not in your pocket.

As to my policy for saving "Uncle Samivel" I don't mean you shall be in doubt. I would save him—I would save him in the shortest way his Constitution will allow.

He has been *bled* by contractors, and also at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff; he was depleted under canvas all last winter on the Potomac, and all this summer on the Chickahominy, spades being trumps.

The sooner Samivel is restored to what he *was*, the quicker he will be the Samivel of old.

He has now a raging fever—inflammatory and typhoid, so they say—but I don't know. If there be those who would not save Samivel unless they could at the same time save the fever, I don't agree to it.

If there be those who would not save him unless they could destroy the fever, I do not agree to it.

My paramount object is to save Samivel, and not either to save or destroy the fever that some say (I don't commit myself) is killing him.

What I do about the fever, and what I don't do, is because it helps to save Samivel. I believe in the Chicago platform *individually*, but not *officially*.

I shall adopt new views as far as they seem true views; as in the case of contrabands, confiscation, and Fremont's proclamation.

Personally, I wish well to everybody, the rebels included; but, after all, Samivel *must* be saved, if strategy, spades and pickaxes have not put him beyond salvation. Yours, A NIMCUM ——.

A STEP IN ADVANCE.—The Sixteenth Ward Republican Association of this city, regarding the main object of the Republican party—the non-extension of slavery—as already secured by the legislation of Congress, has changed its Constitution so as to declare the object of the Association to be now the promotion of the cause of emancipation. The Association has adopted the following among other resolutions:

Resolved, That we call upon the President of the United States most respectfully, but most earnestly, to issue a proclamation—clear and unmistakable—instructing our commanders of both the army and navy to act at once under the provisions of the Confiscation and Emancipation Act passed by Congress, and to which the President affixed his name, remembering the motto, "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of Laws."

Resolved, That we fully endorse the views of Maj.-Gen. David Hunter, commanding the Department of the South, especially as expressed in his recent letter to the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, President of the National Freedman's Relief Association, wherein he says the following, which we, not as partisans but as patriots, most fully concur in, viz.: "That nothing can give us permanent peace but a successful prosecution of the war, with every weapon and energy at our command, to its logical and legitimate conclusion. The fomenting cause of the rebellion must be abated; the axe must be laid to the root of the Upas tree, which has rained down such bitter fruits upon our country, before anything like a permanent peace can be justly hoped."

OBITUARY.

DIED, in this city, Sept. 1, 1862, WILLIAM M. CHACE, aged about 50 years. He was a son of the venerable William Chace of Providence, R. I. In his early manhood he was an active Abolitionist, and served the cause very efficiently in various ways. At one time, before the Secession of 1840, he assisted Theodore D. Weld, Henry B. Stanton, John G. Whittier and others in important labors in the Anti-Slavery Office in this city, and in 1840 he took an active part in establishing this paper. Soon afterwards, however, he withdrew from active association with Abolitionists, turning his attention to the study of the law. Of late years he has been active and prominent in the Republican party; and since the beginning of the war, as the representative of Rhode Island in the N. E. Soldiers' Relief Association, he has done much for the comfort of New England soldiers passing through this city. He was never married. He had been indisposed for several days, but his friends did not regard his illness as dangerous. He was found dead in his bed on Monday morning, at his late residence, 35 Lafayette Place.

In St. Catherines, C. W., July 27th, of consumption, Rev. ANTHONY BURNS. Rev. Hiram Wilson, in a letter published in *The Liberator*, has the following reference to his funeral:

"The concourse around his peaceful grave were mostly colored—the adults of whom, like himself, had fled from bondage—and yet there was quite a number of white people of various Churches and different nationalities. While there consigning his mortal remains to the silent dust, I thought of the awful excitement, a few years ago in Boston, attendant on his arrest and rendition to the hands of bloody men, who are now in open rebellion against the government, and against God and humanity. I seemed to have a sort of panoramic vision of the pro-slavery treachery—the arrest, the court proceedings, the mass meetings, the vast array of marshals and of the military—and the countless throngs of people blocking up the streets of Boston—his dark and awful doom as a victim of the Fugitive Slave law, and the hellish exultations of the Slave Power on the one hand—while lamentations spread all over the coasts of New England, and rolled back to the Rocky Mountains. I thought of that iniquitous system as having culminated to the awful crisis now hanging over the American people. The name of Anthony Burns fills an important place in the history of events which led to the great conflict now pending between the marshalled hosts of freedom and the fiendish friends and minions of slavery, and will be pronounced with honor when the fetter shall have fallen from the limbs of millions of his suffering brethren. Brother Burns was much respected in this quarter. Since he left Oberlin and came over into Canada he has made good impressions where he lectured in various places."

GOV. SEWARD GETTING LIGHT.—We invite attention to Gov. Seward's letter to Charles Francis Adams, and the comments thereon of *The Tribune*, which will be found in juxtaposition on the first page. It will be seen that Mr. Seward, if he has not yet advanced to the ground of emancipation as the true policy of the war, has at least discarded the foolish idea, which he avowed in an earlier dispatch, that the war would not affect the status of the slaves. It is our belief that public sentiment will ere long compel him to take his choice between going openly for emancipation and leaving the Cabinet. The world is moving.

MRS. HALLOCK (formerly Mrs. Dietz), whose communication, entitled "Proposals for a School," has already appeared in our columns, will open her school on Tuesday, September 16th, at No. 79 East Fifteenth street. For circulars apply as above.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR FOR FREE LABORING MEN.—Shall we fight to have all loyal laborers free, or be ourselves the slaves of traitors?

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News.

THE last week has been signalized by severe and bloody battles in Eastern Virginia, and the Union forces, after great loss of life, are at the present writing (Wednesday afternoon) reported to be falling back under cover of the entrenchments in front of Washington. Referring our readers to other sources for details, we remark that Gen. Pope's force was sent forward to threaten Richmond, not with the expectation that he would take the rebel Capital, but to attract the attention of the rebel Generals to that quarter while McClellan was extricating himself from his unfortunate position on the Peninsula. The rebels thereupon withdrew their whole army from Richmond, and advanced upon Pope, outflanking him through a gap in the Bull Run Mountains, and hoping to cut him off from his supplies, and then to advance upon Washington and Baltimore before the forces under McClellan could be moved from the Peninsula and brought to the support of Pope. The main design of the rebels is, we trust, defeated; but it is not to be denied that the Union forces have been outnumbered, that the loss of life has been fearful, and that the best we can hope is, that Washington and Maryland are safe. We have come back to the very position we occupied a year ago, and after the loss of tens of thousands of lives and expending hundreds of millions of dollars, have our work all to do. So much for the conciliating method of making war! So much for the boasted "strategy" of an incompetent General! So much for the attempt to put down the rebellion without striking at its cause! So much for the President's Border State folly! So much for the blind insanity and brazen wickedness of the attempt to coax the slaveholding traitors back into the Union by promises, express or implied, to maintain their "constitutional rights"!

Among those killed in the late engagements were Gen. Isaac S. Stevens (lately with Hunter at Hilton Head), Col. Fletcher Webster, only surviving son of the late Daniel Webster, and Gen. Kearney. The whole number of killed, wounded, and taken prisoners is not known, but it must be very large, especially among the officers.

Gen. McClellan has been assigned the command of the fortifications and troops defending Washington. His genius for standing still is probably regarded as a qualification for this post.

Cincinnati is in great excitement in consequence of rebel successes in Kentucky. Martial law has been declared, business is suspended, railroad trains are stopped, the ferry across the Ohio is suspended at night, and the citizens are commanded to repair to certain designated places to be ready for any duty that may be necessary for defense. Covington and Newport, in Kentucky, are included in the order.

Lexington, Ky., was evacuated by the Nationals on Monday afternoon. The Lexington operator closed his office on Monday evening, with the announcement that Kirby Smith was before the city, and had demanded its surrender, which was complied with by the citizens. The public archives were removed to Frankfort, and $1,000,000 in treasure from the banks of Richmond, Lexington and Frankfort has arrived at Louisville, where the headquarters of the Adjutant-General of the State are established. The greatest excitement prevails throughout that section of the State, and the Union citizens are rallying at the call of the Governor.

Major Gen. O. M. Mitchel is put in command of the Department of the South, in place of Gen. Hunter. It is understood that Gen. Hunter was relieved at his own request. The appointment of Gen. Mitchel as his successor indicates no change of policy in the Department of the South, at least so far as regards the slavery question.—*Tribune.*

Buckhannon, in Western Virginia, has been captured by rebel cavalry, and they were reported to be advancing against Clarksburg.

Cairo, Sept. 1.—The fight at Bolivar, Tennessee, on Saturday, lasted all the afternoon, resulting in the repulse of the enemy. They encamped within a few miles of the town and on Sunday morning broke up into small squads, forded the Hatchee river, and attacked Meadow Station, where they met a determined resistance, and were finally repulsed with a loss of fifty killed and wounded. Our loss is said to be only four. Telegraph and railroad communication between Bolivar and Jackson is interrupted, but will soon be restored. A report reached here to-day that Gen. Buell had had a fight with the rebels at Chattanooga on Wednesday and Thursday. The first day no advantage was gained on either side. On the second day the enemy were repulsed. Buell is reported to have captured 7,000 prisoners. This news is said to have been telegraphed to Tuscumbia, and was brought from there to Jackson, Tenn., by Gen. Ross's special messenger. It may be true. Later intelligence says the rebels have destroyed all the railroad bridges between Bolivar and Jackson.

Fredericksburg was evacuated by Gen. Burnside's command Sunday afternoon, and the force proceeded to Acquia Creek.

Charles Ingersoll of Philadelphia, lately arrested on a charge for disloyalty, has been released.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

GEN. HUNTER'S REGIMENT.—It is stated in quarters whose information is entitled to be considered entirely trustworthy, that government has at length fully determined to arm, drill and discipline the blacks of the Department of the South.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

THE NEGRO IN NEW ENGLAND.—Some person in Winsted, Conn., having recently addressed Gov. Buckingham an inquiry whether he would receive "a negro regiment," his Excellency replied as follows:

"HARTFORD, August 14, 1862.

"DEAR SIR: Yours of the 12th inst. is at hand. It seems to me that the time may yet come when a regiment of colored men may be profitably employed. But now, if a company of that class should be introduced into a regiment, or a regiment into a brigade (the regiment or brigade being composed of whites), it would create so much unpleasant feeling and irritation that more evil than good would result. Yours, very respectfully,

"WM. A. BUCKINGHAM."

WHERE'S THE SCHOOLMASTER?—Col. Miller, at Nashville, a few days since, issued an order for one thousand negroes to work upon the fortifications. He received the following note, in consequence, from a former member of the Legislature of Tennessee:

"MCSPEDON BEND, 10 miles from Nash, August 13—1862. Provose Marshel Col. John H. Miller I was directed by you to send in 5 able bodied negros I havent but 4 boys too of them ron off on Sunday night I have too others is Dofficent one his nee out of plase the other is a disease of the cofulus my health is so bad & heve bin for 5 month I dont feel able to come in and have got Mr. Mullin to come in and to attend to it for me this is a true statement of the matter. your respect J. W. PENNINGTON."

JIM LANE AND KANSAS SECESSIONISTS.—The Provost Marshal at Leavenworth, in Kansas, has arrested a number of persons suspected of secession proclivities, and asked Gen. Lane to keep them for him, placing them on fatigue duty in and around his camp. Gen. Lane has accordingly issued an order, through his Adjutant, commanding Col. Williams, of the Twelfth regiment Kansas Volunteers (colored), to receive such prisoners into his camp and strictly guard and discipline them. How the disloyal citizens of Leavenworth relish the entrenching and camp service, and going through the manual in line with colored patriots, is not stated.—*Eve. Post.*

Jim Lane has been putting the negro volunteers in his brigade to a very degrading service. He employs them to guard such Secessionists as he finds it necessary to arrest for treason. Why should all the dirty work be put upon the negroes?—*Tribune.*

SENATOR LANE'S OPERATIONS.—Senator Lane, according to recent advices from Kansas, is rapidly organizing two new regiments, comprising almost all of the loyal blacks in Kansas. Atchison alone furnished 100 men. So soon as these regiments are armed they will be used in such wise as effectively to increase their numbers by recruiting from neighboring States. Senator Lane is reported to be awakening the greatest enthusiasm among the people of Kansas, to whom he preaches from his old text, Save the Union, and let slavery take care of itself.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

Advocates of the negro-arming policy in Washington say it is understood that the negro regiments now raising in Kansas, though not to be directly accepted by the government, are nevertheless to get into the service. It is also stated that the colored regiment recently offered to the President, and which he declined, still preserves its organization, and may possibly turn up in Kansas also. Out of that regiment there were nine hundred and eighty who were able to sign their names to the enlistment papers. As much could hardly be said of some white regiments in the South.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

Niggers are not so black, after all, when they are wanted. The city of Lawrence recently sent two negro companies to the assistance of Kansas City, which was threatened by rebel guerillas, and it is reported that the terrified citizens did not refuse their aid on the score of complexion.—*Tribune.*

DEMAND FOR CONTRABANDS.—*Corinth, Miss., Aug.* 16.—So many slaves have been coming into Corinth within the past few weeks, that it has been a matter of discussion whether they would all find employment. But an inquiry to-day discloses the fact that they are all employed in the different regiments, and there is a demand for more. How sensible a course it seems now to receive and use this property, which has been so hard to dispose of theoretically? We strengthen our army immensely by it, weaken the enemy proportionally, and at the same time better the condition of the slaves, effecting thus a triple good.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A WHITE SLAVE.—*Stevenson, Ala., Aug.* 18.—A few days ago Col. A. D. Straight, 51st Regiment Indiana Volunteers, brought to our notice a man who has been all his life a slave, now sixty-three years of age, and yet is entirely white. A number of officers who were present made a critical examination of his person, and were convinced that his claim to being a white man were well founded. His features, complexion, eyes, hair, mouth, nose and phrenological development all combine in making him entirely white. His own idea was that he was either a child of misfortune or of poverty, and was turned into the negro quarters and left to grow up a slave; and this he argues from the fact that he has known several similar cases in his experience. His appearance and behavior impresses one with the belief that he is a faithful and worthy man. He cannot read a word, has been repeatedly sold upon the auction block, and says his name is "Sam." He was at once christened by the officers present by the name of "Samuel Straight," furnished with money for expenses, and under escort sent to Gov. Morton, of Indiana, as a sample of some of the victims of that institution which even in a war for existence a nation may not touch.

A DEMOCRATIC GENERAL CONVINCED.—*Alexandria, Va., Aug.* 25.—"Last night," said a Major-General in the Army of the Potomac, with whom I conversed, "I had information from the most trustworthy sources, which, if I had acted upon, would have enabled me to have entered Richmond without striking a blow. I could have taken the city with one division." The information upon which this General relied was received mainly from contrabands. When he took command of a brigade he was a strong pro-slavery Democrat—now as a commissioned Major General, commanding a division, and that division among the most successful in the army of the Potomac, he is as strong an Anti-Slavery Republican. He admitted the policy of the Democratic party to be a weak and ruinous one. His views were entirely changed, and nothing he had yet seen in the leading organs of the Republican party would approach his radicalism. "The negroes," said he, "are the only friends we have in the South; the most unintelligent and benighted are of some service; the intelligent and naturally smart are of the greatest value." Your correspondent, as you may suppose, was astonished to hear such sentiments from a General who, but a few months since, was denounced in Congress for returning fugitive slaves, who barely escaped non-confirmation by two or three votes in consequence.—*Tribune.*

APOLOGY FOR MCCLELLAN.—*Alexandria, Va., Aug* 25.—I have this morning conversed with a large number of the leading officers of the army of the Potomac. McClellan, with many of them, is still there idle, but what seems strange, they all seem anxious to demonstrate that upon the slavery question he has been in advance and not behind the policy of the Administration. They assert, in the most positive language, that not a single slave had been returned to his rebel or loyal master since the army of the Potomac touched the soil of the Peninsula. McClellan, they say, has said but little about the negro, but has acted a great deal, and if it had not been for the hesitating policy of the President, would have done a great deal more. Whatever the truth may be, it is consoling to think that the General who would not allow the Hutchinsons to sing in his camp, and the soldiers who drove them out are now anxious to possess the good opinion of the friends of those sweet singers and earnest philanthropists.—*Tribune.*

CHEATING THE BLACKS.—*Fredericksburg, Va., Aug.* 25.—I am sorry to notice that some of our soldiery think there is no harm or sin in the world in cheating a poor contraband out of any little money or valuables he may have. A poor darkey belonging to this place had a watch; he met a Zoo-zoo, or red-leg, as Cuffee calls him—but he turned out to be a black-leg, as the story will prove. Red-leg wanted to buy exactly such a watch, and persuaded his white-eyed friend to sell. Accordingly, the sale was made for the sum of $15. Cuffee said, "Yaas, you kin hab him." So red-leg did "hab him," and paid off his friend in three $5 bills, such as can be bought in New York for a cent a piece, being nothing more than those *fac similes* of Confederate money sold by the newsboys through the streets. There is any amount of this money in camp, and whenever a darkey is met with anything for sale, if he is knowing enough to refuse the money, they threaten to take him to the guard-house if he refuses *United States money!* It is sometimes difficult to tell one colored man from another, but in the case of the unfortunate individual who sold the watch, it was difficult to tell one white man from another, as the only thing he could tell the officer to whom he complained was that the man he sold to had red legs. There were 900 red-legs in the immediate locality.—*Tribune.*

THE NEGRO BRIGADE AT LEXINGTON.—*Lexington, Ky., Aug.* 26.—So far as the formation and organization are concerned, the negro brigade is a perfect success. It remains to be seen how much work it will accomplish. The necessary number of overseers have been appointed to prevent Cuffee from relaxing into that state of laziness and lassitude into which, when unwatched by the argus eye of the Anglo-Saxon race, he is very apt to sink. The negroes are fully provided with everything necessary to their health and comfort. Most of them are much better fed and clothed than they ever were before, as an instance of which fact I will mention the following: Among the darkies taken from a noted rebel here, was a favorite man—an old house-servant. Notwithstanding his "attachment for his master" (I quote these words because they constitute a Southern idea which the war has rendered obsolete in the North), the contraband was delighted at the prospect of going on detached service for Uncle Sam. His mistress called on him to-day to know if he wouldn't like to have his bed and clothing sent to him; also, to inquire if he got enough to eat. "Lor bress ye, mum," said he to the kind-hearted lady, "I'se got more'n I can eat now—got de best kind o' a bed, too; an' as fur clothes (here followed a genuine expression of joy peculiar to Ethiopia, and inexpressible in English), why ye jest ought to see my new suit. It's as good as master's. Dey won't let me put 'em on till we get ready to go off. But I tell ye, mum, dey's fine." He scorned to sleep on his old bed, wear his old clothes, or eat his accustomed victuals. And the same may be said of one-half the men constituting the brigade.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

GEN. CURTIS'S FORM OF FREE PAPERS.—It is said there are about five thousand contraband Arkansas negroes within the Federal lines. The following is the form of the free papers issued by Gen Curtis to the confiscated negroes:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOUTHWEST,
HELENA, Ark., July 21, 1862.

Special Order No. 157.—Jerry White, a colored man, formerly a slave, having by direction of his owner, been engaged in rebel service, is hereby confiscated as being contraband of war, and not being needed in the public service, is permitted to pass the pickets of the command northward, and is forever emancipated from his master, who permitted him to assist in attempting to break up the government and laws of his country.

By command of Major General CURTIS.

JERRY WHITE [in red ink].

All the officers and many of the privates in Gen. Curtis's army are supplied with servants.

THE COLORED REGIMENT OF RHODE ISLAND.—More than a sufficient number of recruits for a company have been enrolled. The uncertainty which hangs over the matter discourages a rapid organization. If it was a fixed fact that the regiment would be organized and go into service, it would be completed in a very short time.—*Providence Journal.*

A NEGRO IN GEN. POPE'S UNIFORM.—*Alexandria, Va., Aug.* 26.—Persons who were attached to the staff of Gen. Pope, and who were taken prisoners by Stuart in his last raid, but who escaped at Warrenton, say that the joy manifested by the citizens of Warrenton upon the return of Stuart's cavalry with their trophies exceeded all bounds. The population of the village turned out *en masse*. Ladies ran up to the soldiers and embraced them, although many of them were entire strangers. The only bell left in the village rang out loud and clear, and blended its music with the cheers of the thronging villagers. A burly negro, dressed in Gen. Pope's best uniform, with the stars of the Major-General glittering upon his shoulders, and mounted upon Gen. Pope's best horse, rode in front of Stuart, as his famous cavalry brigade marched through the streets. The negro seemed embarrassed, and hardly knew what to make of it; but the multitude enjoyed that part of the spectacle hugely. Some one one in the throng, however, was not disposed to treat the new Major-General with the respect due to his rank. As the cavalcade was about disappearing down the road leading to Sperryville, the contents of two or three highly perfumed eggs splashed on the fine cloth of Cuffee, and soon led him to discover that, instead of being an object of respect, he was one of the grossest ridicule.

Capt. Goulding, the popular and efficient Quartermaster of Gen. Pope, was the only officer present to support the dignity of his Major-General. But notwithstanding his assertions that he was a Quartermaster and fairly entitled to ride upon a good horse, he was compelled to walk through the dust and act as groom to the sable gentleman riding by his side. The staff horses of Gen. Pope were decked by the ladies of Warrenton with rebel colors taken from their bonnets and aprons, and suddenly improvised into rosettes. The prettiest darkey boys led them, and not a rebel soldier was allowed to touch their backs until the fair rebels had breathed a prayer that Yankee staff officers would never again ride them into battle.—*Tribune.*

CHANGE OF SENTIMENT IN THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.—*Nashville, Tenn., Aug.* 25.—When I came here last spring with the army of the Ohio, our Generals—at least the Commander-in-Chief and all the Division Commanders—were all systematic slave-catchers. Hundreds of runaways were hunted out of the Union camps and returned to their disloyal masters. A wonderful change is come over them in this regard. They have grown wiser, if not more humane, and act upon their increased wisdom. Not only are "contrabands" now gladly received and made useful under Uncle Sam's auspices, but forced levies for "colored help" by the thousands have also been made upon rebel owners, both here and throughout Middle Tennessee. It is certainly a strange sight—gratifying to loyalists and provoking in the extreme to traitors—to see gangs of freedmen march through the streets every morning, singing rude airs vibrating with unmistakable happiness and awakened manhood, to their work upon the extensive fortifications erecting around the city and elsewhere.

I am not aware that Gen. Buell has as yet issued any formal orders for the carrying out of the provisions of the Confiscation Act. But I know that he has for some time been acting in accordance with the spirit of it by availing himself of all the contrabands that came within our lines for fatigue work. I have even reason to believe that the scarcity of the article, caused by the driving off of thousands of human chattels into Alabama, is the only limit to his use of it. That rebel property, other than human, is also feeling the effect of Congressional legislation, I have already mentioned in my preceding letter. "Living upon the enemy" by liberal foraging has been systematically practiced by the Army of the Ohio for many weeks.

The organs of so-called Conservatism in the North, in their carping argumentation against what they are all pleased to style "Abolition legislation of Congress," have harped with considerable stress upon the assertion that, should an emancipation policy be adopted, half of the Western army would lay down their arms. Would that the experiment were tried, and the Administration took the risk of the threatened contingency! Be assured, champions of human slavery, that there are more friends of the down-trodden negro in the Union ranks than even the most sanguine Abolitionist is apt to suppose. There is no better school for the education of anti-slavery men than army life. The loyal soldier is not blind. He has judgment. He has sympathies. Upon his marches through Southern territory the truth that slavery is the root of the rebellion is hourly crowded upon him; the dark sides of the peculiar institution are revealed to him in all their convincing hideousness. His every day's experience has taught him that his deadly foes are the "civilized whites," and his ready friends the debased colored serfs. He is not brute enough not to be moved by the touching manifestations of good feeling made everywhere by the latter. While the treacherous whites lurk on the wayside, bent upon his stealthy assassination, the slaves warn him of the murderous designs of their masters, bring him water to quench his thirst, and food to still his hunger. The guerillas have made more Abolitionists by their insidious, barbarous warfare than all the anti-slavery propaganda of Northern speakers and journals. A single outrage of theirs will result in the liberation of thousands of slaves. I refer to the cruel death of Gen. R. L. McCook. When he lay in agonies of pain in the house near which he was shot, he demanded water thrice of the white occupants. They paid no heed to his requests. One of their slaves, more humane than those that considered him no better than a brute, brought him what he wanted—and was kicked for his kindness by his master. When the officers of the Ninth Ohio rode up to ascertain the fate of the General, the whites denied knowing anything of him. Another negro stole around a corner of the house, and by signs informed the officers that the object of their search was on the premises. These occurrences produced a profound, ineffaceable effect upon the General's soldiery. Go, now, and see whether you can find a single man in his brigade willing to deny freedom to a slave!

The Kentuckians in the army have been described as particularly restive under Northern "Abolitionism." Well, suppose this to be true, it is certainly not of Gen. Rosseau, and many others. Would it matter much if they laid down their arms? In spite of their numerous regimental organizations, they do not number five thousand in Gen. Buell's army. They are notoriously the worst drilled and disciplined troops in it. They have done at least as much running and surrendering as fighting. *Vide* the record of Wolford's cavalry; the disgraceful conduct of two companies of the Tenth at Courtland; the negative exploits of Col. Boone, and other instances. One should think that after the exhibition of pusillanimity during Morgan's last raid, the North could afford to laugh to scorn the threats of Kentucky. But, in truth, there is not much danger of the refractoriness of the Kentucky troops in the stated contingency. The slave-owners among them are greatly in the minority. I doubt whether 25 per cent. even of the officers have interests personal in slavery. Whatever their pro-slavery prejudices may be, they would hardly prevail over their love of shoulder straps and pay.

Upon the whole, it is my deliberate opinion, based upon an association of nearly a year with Western troops, that, barring the majority of the general officers, *their convictions and individual acts are far ahead of the Administration in the treatment of the slavery question, and that the latter can take no course, however radical, in regard to it, that will not be readily followed by the former.*—*Tribune.*

Summary.

Rev. Thomas W. Higginson, of Worcester, Massachusetts, the well-known writer and lecturer, is now enlisting a company, which is more than half full. Mr. Higginson is a personal friend and associate of Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison.

The Dean of Carlisle is very severe upon the great British nation. He thinks the prevailing destitution in the manufacturing districts is "a clear visitation of God," because, he says, "of our sins, our wanton luxury, our licentiousness, our drunkenness, our commercial and our manufacturing frauds."

A dispatch from Washington states that the rebels have captured the dead body of Gen. Bohlen. The work was done by guerillas while the body was on the way to Washington, attended only by an honorary guard. The act is worthy of the wretches who performed it.

"I don't know what to think of the war. I don't know when it will end. But I will say, and perhaps I may be sent to Fort Warren for it ("Go on," said the Mayor, "I will protect you"), that nothing has equalled the energy of the rebels except the weakness with which we have opposed them."—*Senator Hale on the War.*

"John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back. His soul is marching on."

We were told this morning by a friend just from St. Armands, N. Y. (formerly North Elba), where John Brown lived and was buried, that of the *eighty* voters in the town, *seventy* have enlisted.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Albany *Express*, speculating on the possibility of a presidential rejoinder to H. G.'s second letter, naively says:

"Under the circumstances, probably the nation would rather know that the act referred to *is to be* enforced, than to know why it is *not* enforced."

That stands to reason.

PARSON BROWNLOW, speaking of the way in which the war has been conducted in Kentucky and Tennesssee, says he has been, "for months, disgusted," and adds this unequivocal remark: "If our government does not intend a more energetic and sensible course of conduct, I advise the authorities to surrender to Jeff. Davis and his plundering and perjured hordes!"

Lewis Tappan of New York, a life-long Abolitionist, has of nephews and sons of nieces, ten representatives in the army of the Union. It is an every day remark, made by pro-slavery men, whose sympathies are with the rebels, that the Abolitionists (and in this term they include all anti-slavery men) have done nothing for the war.—*Springfield Republican.*

BLACK SOLDIERS IN THE REVOLUTION.—There is a strong desire here to read the paper of Mr. Geo. Livermore, a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, communicated on Thursday, on the employment of blacks during the American Revolution. It is understood to be a very complete and elaborate treatment of the subject, and was moved to be printed by the Hon. Edward Everett.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

Lieut.-Commander Barrett of the Brooklyn Navy Yard is on trial by Court-Martial for constructive treason—his main offense being, as alleged, ordering the workmen of the Navy-Yard, while on the way to the mass meeting at Union Square, to groan for the Abolitionists. The groaning is by no means original, but the trial therefor is entirely novel.—*Tribune.*

Gen. Rousseau has hit upon a new expedient for guarding the road in his jurisdiction in Tennessee. He has issued an order to carry, free of charge, fifty wealthy and influential secessionists on each train, so distributed on the top of the cars that it would be impossible to shoot at the train without killing some of these. The order expressly requires one preacher to each car.

NON

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

A RESPONSE.

BY ONE OF THE "TWENTY MILLIONS."

[*Written after reading* HORACE GREELEY'S *recent Letter to* PRESIDENT LINCOLN.]

WELL said!—and God protect the Right,
And him who dared proclaim it!
Who held the Truth up to the light,
Too honest to misname it.
We owe him reverence and this word:
"Well done, thou servant of the Lord!"

It needs not laying-on of hands,
Nor vows of holy unction,
Nor mitred crown, nor surplice-bands,
Nor rites of priestly function,
Nor pledge of sacrificial wine,
To stamp such mission all divine.

He is God's messenger indeed
Who does His holy pleasure;
Who deals the Truth at greatest need,
Without or stint or measure;
Who dares to strike in Duty's name,
Heedless alike of praise and blame.

There needed one to speak the word
That prophet-lip has spoken,
To break—by fear nor doubt deterred—
The silence he has broken.
God! shall that word unheard remain?
That spell be broken all in vain?

Thou knowest! In thy mighty hand,
—So runs the record olden—
The Ruled and Ruler of the land,
The hearts of all, are holden;
Oh, save HIM from the scorner's fate,
And rouse US ere it be too late.

Fitchburg, Mass., Aug. 23. C. A. M.

THE CAUSE AND THE CURE.

[A Speech delivered in Bacon's Hall, Roxbury, Mass., on Tuesday evening, August 12, by EPES SARGENT, Esq.]

WHO would not rather act than talk at a crisis like this? Why not act, then? The question is pertinently put. There are two tribunals which must decide it: one, a man's own conscience; the other, the examining surgeons. Each heart knows its own bitterness, and must weigh its own reasons. Should any inquisitive gentleman challenge me on this point, here is my reply: Though an exempt, my time may come; and, so far as I can prearrange it, it shall find me ready. My country, in her hour of need, shall not be refused. May God do so to me, and more also, if, while the cause of that country is the cause of justice, I will not, in her behalf, go forth to battle—spurn the base death, and win the immortal life.

European intermeddlers are continually asking us, Why not consent to an amicable separation? And by this they simply mean, Why not give up to the authors of this rebellion all they want? Why not allow these gentlemen of the superior race—these chivalrous Normans, as they delight to call themselves (one point of their chivalry being to hunt fugitive women with bloodhounds)—why not allow them to put their feet on the necks of the base-born twenty million of the free States—these commingled Saxons, Celts and Scandinavians?

That man can know little of our past history or of the laws of human nature, who believes, first, that there could be any amicable settlement between the North and the South, as independent powers; second, that any settlement could last three months, unless one of the contending parties had proved its superiority to the other by hard fighting.

Will the teeming millions of the Mississippi Valley ever consent that a twentieth part of their own number—a few arrogant slaveholders—shall control the outlet of that imperial river, bought by Northern money? Do not believe it. New Orleans will be a bed for fishes before that can be. Shall we give up Chesapeake Bay, with its head waters in Pennsylvania, and the capital of the Republic on the river that flows into that bay? Not while the old flag streams at the masthead of one Northern ship! Shall we give up the Gulf of Mexico, and the Florida coast? Not till Dupont and Foote and Farragut are forgotten.

Fellow-citizens, there never can be a settlement except by the sword. We must conquer or *be* conquered. We are shut up to this necessity. No peace that human ingenuity could devise would be better than a chronic war—a war almost as expensive as that we are now waging. And we can and must conquer. We are in the right. Only let that great thought fill our hearts and nerve our arms, and by the very laws of our being we must conquer.

"For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty—
To falter would be sin."

Napoleon used to say, God is generally on the side of the heaviest battalions. There is truth in that, too; because, if we are in the right, we ought to be in earnest; and, if we are in earnest, we shall put forth our strength, and see to it that our battalions *are* the heaviest. If the Confederates can do what they are doing in a *bad* cause, what ought we to do in a righteous one—in the grand old cause of human freedom?

You sometimes hear it said, "We'll fight for the Union, but not for the nigger." But what if the best way of fighting for the Union is to fight for the nigger—what then? Away with such sordid calculations! You will not fight for the nigger? If, when time and justice call, you will not fight for the poorest and most forlorn of God's human creatures against oppression—and fight for them all the more readily because they are poor and forlorn—then you have yet to learn the first rudiments of Christianity and of true manliness.

Up to the attack on Sumter I was as forbearing as the most conservative. Not that I did not abhor slavery, but because I was willing to give the very devil his due, to the uttermost farthing, under that Constitution whose protection and whose benefits I was enjoying. Perhaps I was even over-scrupulous in my desire not to countenance any violation, either in the letter or the spirit, of that Constitution. Perhaps I shut my ears too rigidly to the arguments of good and able men who took contrary views of our obligations. Perhaps I shut my eyes unwisely to proofs of the great slaveholding conspiracy which others detected and forewarned us of. However this may be, I kept aloof from all suspicion of joining in unlawful aggression. But now our relations are reversed, antagonistic. Show forbearance *now?* Show it to the burglar, who in one moment more will have his revolver at your breast!

Certain politicians are telling us to "drop the perpetual nigger" and attend to our enlisting. They are like the fellow who wanted to produce the tragedy of Hamlet with the "perpetual" Hamlet and all mention of him left out. What said Crummles, the manager, in reply? This: "It can't be done, sir! Without Hamlet, there would be no play at all!" And just so, without the nigger, there would be no enlisting at all—no tragedy—no civil war.

But it is not merely the negro you would rescue. Think of the millions of poor whites, crushed by slavery into a degradation almost lower than that of the born slave, and so ignorant as not to recognize the palpable cause of their abject state. These men, in their own despite, you would enfranchise and elevate, so that hereafter, if not at once, they would rise up to call you blessed.

The path of duty is happily in this case the path of victory. An oligarchy of 400,000 slaveholders are now subjecting 25,000,000 of white freemen to the losses, the calamities, the horrors of the most stupendous civil war in the history of the world. And for what? For what, in this nineteenth century? (Hear it, O sympathizing England! hear it, Palmerston! and hear it, Russell!) For what? Simply in order that slavery may be put on a securer basis—may have new guarantees of extension and perpetuity, and that slaveholders may become a privileged and governing order in a grand slaveholding Confederacy, pledged to the acquisition of every new territory for the propagation of their godless despotism over human bodies and souls. Does any man of common sense doubt this? The Confederate Vice-President, Stephens, with an intrepidity worthy of the archangel ruined, has boldly proclaimed it—has declared that slavery is the very corner-stone of their new system.

By what frauds and bribes—by what appeals to proper and natural antipathies of caste, implanted to keep the two races distinct, but which are violated mainly by masters and overseers—by what sedulous, what malignant sorcery—these haughty barons of slavery contrive to hold their five million of non-slaveholding whites in a bondage more shameful than that of the blacks themselves, let the philosophic historian explain. This let me say to those men who still prate of abolition fanatics: There is no such type of the genuine fanatic as your representative slaveholder. Circumscribed in all his interests, excitements, aspirations, by slavery—feeling that the moral sense of all Christendom is against him—knowing that slavery can only perpetuate itself by extension—he revels in dreams of a grand consolidated slave empire, taking in Mexico and Central America, and firing the Southern heart with the prospect of an ample scope for its unscrupulous and pent-up ambitions. His state thus being abnormal, and contrary to our innate sense of right, as well as to that central principle of Christian morality which bids us do unto others as we would have them do unto us—his passions also grow to be irregular, eccentric, inordinate, aggressive. When this war shall have ended, as it will, either in the immediate extinction or the utter prostration of slavery, posterity will look back with wonder at the fanaticism—the wilder than Oriental fanaticism—of the daring men who have precipitated this war upon the nation.

Slavery thus being the cause, and the only cause of this war, if we would have an end of this war, at slavery we must strike—strike home. Government sees this now, and slavery trembles at the fact that the day of forbearance is ended. The last steamer tells us that John Slidell, lately an advocate of the reopening of the African slave trade, is now trying to dupe the Emperor and French people with the lure of prospective emancipation. In their despair, the rebels will soon seriously make this offer to England and France. They will be too late. The signs are full of good cheer. Congress has passed the right laws. All honor to Congress! The hair-splitting gentlemen, who have been arguing that the Constitution has no inherent power to defend itself against those who have abjured its protection, and are stabbing at the nation's life—these ingenious gentlemen are now very generally regarded as more nice than wise. Hunter is doing a good work at Port Royal, in showing that the blacks can be made into soldiers. "The fomenting cause of this rebellion," he writes, "must be abated. The axe must be laid to the root." Honor to Hunter! Lane is raising black regiments in Kansas. Good for Lane! Pope promises well in Virginia. Success to this Pope's new Essay on Man!

Truly, the world moves. We are fast coming up to the mark. In less than sixty days every slave of a rebel who can be reached will, by the laws of the United States, be a free man. On our new levies will devolve the sublime privilege of making way for liberty. Those who have gone before them have plowed and planted, and watered—watered, alas! often with blood—but these, their successors, will reap. The harvest is ripe—the hour has struck—the day is dawning. O! glorious day of ire! Day of our great desire! Day of justice! Day of retribution!

Slavery is the strength or the perdition of this Rebellion, just as we choose to make it. The plastic power lies in our own hands. Treat slavery as we have been treating it—as a sacred thing, even while it is madly striving for our ruin—treat it as an institution of which we must speak, with our mouths in the dust, with abject whispers—and slavery is the strength, the very sinews and life-blood of this rebellion. The slaves are at home, working for its support—kept in subjection by armed women and old men—while all the able-bodied men and boys, from town, village and plantation, are in the Confederate ranks.

Slavery is thus their strength, and they taunt you with the fact. But let the bloated monster now feel the prick of your bayonets in hearty earnest, and you scatter all rebeldom right and left in dismay—dismay lest the flash of those bayonets shall reveal it to the slave that he, too, is a man, and can handle a musket.

There is a class of men so fastidiously magnanimous that they protest against this policy, simply on the ground that it is likely to be effectual. "What!" they say, "emancipate as a military necessity?" emancipate for the paltry purpose of saving the lives of your soldiers? Shocking! That will never do. Oh, no! Wait till you have thoroughly whipped the rebels, and then emancipate on the high ground of principle. And should we whip the rebels, we should hear from these same malcontents the cry, "What! take advantage of your enemy when he is down? Oh, no! Wait till he is strong again. There will then be some merit, some courage, in a decree of emancipation."

Such coxcombry is simply an impertinence. It is in the very spirit of the Oxford man, who, seeing a Cambridge man in the water, struggling for his life, quietly remarked, "What a pity I was never introduced to that person! I then might take the liberty of saving his life." There can be no time when it is not timely to do right, to abolish wrong, to remedy evil.

We are told to wait till we have put down the rebellion before we dispute about Abolition; "that a nation, like an individual, can only do one thing effectually at one time." You are in the street when a hue and cry is raised, and you are told to join in pursuit of a fugitive. On asking the nature of the man's crime, you receive the reply, "No matter for that. One thing at one time. Catch him first, and you shall then learn what we are chasing him for." Would such an answer quicken your zeal?

Do such advisers as Mr. Seward consider that it is not to unreasoning machines, but to men with passions, impulses, convictions of right and wrong, that they speak? Every boy in the army knows it is slavery that now stands in the way, calling for ever new hecatombs. Do you think to keep those who are fighting your battles from asking, Why not strike at the real foe? Why leave unharmed the *cause* of all this bloodshed and misery?

All history, all martyrdom, all manhood, call on us imploringly to seize the critical moment, and trample out, while we can, this embodiment of all outrages and wrongs. Until we do this, we shall only beat the air in unavailing, exhausting efforts. Disaster, mortification and defeat must be our portion until we recognize the purpose of the All-Just in this business, and acquiesce in that purpose. The Constitution, which was the only safeguard of slavery, slavery has thrown off, spit upon, defied. Thank slavery for that. We are now free to deal with it unchecked. The Constitution is no shield for its would-be assassins. Our common sense tells us that much. We need no lawyers to confirm it, and we heed not those who contradict it. Not five per cent. of the slaveholders can show a loyal record, except perhaps in Kentucky. Those who can, let them be reimbursed fairly. Not even to do a great right would I do a little wrong, if I could help it.

But, by an inexorable law of Providence, every great system of injustice against humanity is made to dig its own grave; and slavery is no exception to this rule. In trying to dig the nation's grave, he has dug his own. Now hurl him into it, and put an end to the audacious, Satanic, God-defying iniquity.

The young heroes who have fallen in this war—fallen, either from wounds, or what is harder to a soldier, from diseases of the camp—they, too, are calling on us; from their serene heights they call with a pathos that goes to the heart. Ellsworth, forever young and beautiful on the historic page—all accoutered in his best garb for the sacrifice, as he went forth that bright morning in Alexandria, joyous for country and for duty, though with the premonition of a swift death upon his mind; Winthrop, with his Cæsar-like accomplishments of pen and sword, who has spoken so eloquently his scorn of slavery in his matchless books; Lyon, saintly hero, who one year ago urged what I am now urging—Greble, and Baker, and Putnam, and Lowell, and Hodges, and Williams, and Brittan, and Peabody, and Cass, and Gove, and Wyman, and McCook—ah! how the list swells!—and many, many more of our best and bravest—many obscure ones, but who have carried with them into the better life their high credentials of honor—and who in tasting death tasted also the sweetness of dying for country—this new and noble army of martyrs—they call on us, and say: Behold therein slavery our murderer—arch enemy of God and man, of Republican liberty and human rights! O! improve the God-given opportunity. Away with the hideous tyrant! There goes the offender! Dog him—way-lay him—encompass him—stay him—and make him surrender.

The government are ready. "I will be ready as soon as the people are ready," said the President, some weeks ago. Let the people show themselves ready *now*. This war has devolved upon us the duty of propagandists of freedom. Let us joyfully accept the august obligation. Heed not the mere politicians—whether of the *ins* or the *outs*—men who seem to dread the rise of this or the fall of that party more than they dread the ruin of the nation. Away with all party lines! The President, or the Cabinet, or sub-officials, high or low, who would now discriminate in their appointments between loyal Democrats and loyal Republicans, are as much traitors as Floyd himself.

If then, finally, fellow-citizens, you would spare the blood of the young and brave now going forth to join their brethren in the field—if you would avert from this and coming generations new mountains of debt—if you would not be to the great intelligent future a byword and a hissing for imbecility, fatuity, and a false, craven reverence for a beastly idol—if you would not thwart the plain intents of Providence—if you would not nail Christ once more to the cross, then rise in your might and make known to the government and to the world that you are ready—ready to proclaim and to establish *universal* freedom throughout the land—ready to enlist for the dear old flag, to fill up the legions now in the field, insure their victory, and save the republic.

DELIGHTS OF RECTITUDE.—There is an exhilaration, a hope, a joy, springing up within us when we *will* with power what we see to be good, when we are conscious of treading under foot the low principles and interests which would part us from God and Duty, when we sacrifice firmly and unreservedly selfish desires or the world's favor to the claims of Christian rectitude.—*Channing.*

MINISTERING ANGELS.

BY MISS PROCTOR.

ANGELS of light, spread your bright wings and keep
Near me at morn;
Nor in the starry eve, nor midnight deep,
Leave me forlorn.

From all dark spirits of unholy power
Guard my weak heart.
Circle around me in each perilous hour,
And take my part.

From all foreboding thoughts and dangerous fears
Keep me secure;
Teach me to hope, and through the bitterest tears
Still to endure.

If lonely in the road so fair and wide
My feet should stray,
Then through a rougher, safer pathway guide
Me day by day.

Should my heart faint at its unequal strife,
Oh, still be near—
Shadow the perilous sweetness of this life
With holy fear.

Then leave me not alone in this bleak world,
Where'er I roam;
And at the end, with your bright wings unfurled,
Oh, take me home!

MRS. L. MARIA CHILD TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

From The National Republican.

IT may seem a violation of propriety for a woman to address the Chief Magistrate of the nation at a crisis so momentous as this. But if the Romans, ages ago, accorded to Hortensia the right of addressing the Senate on the subject of a tax unjustly levied on the wealthy ladies of Rome, surely an American woman of the nineteenth century need not apologize for pleading with the rulers of her country in behalf of the poor, the wronged, the cruelly oppressed. Surely the women of America have a right to inquire, nay, demand, whether their husbands, sons, and brothers are to be buried by thousands in Southern swamps, without obtaining thereby "indemnity for the past and security for the future."

In your Appeal to the Border States, you have declared slavery to be "that without which the war could never have been," and you speak of emancipation as "the step which at once shortens the war." I would respectfully ask how much longer the nation is to wait for the decision of the Border States, paying, meanwhile, $2,000,000 a day, and sending thousands of its best and bravest to be stabbed, shot, and hung by the rebels, whose property they are employed to guard. How much longer will pro-slavery officers be permitted to refuse obedience to the laws of Congress, saying, "We shall continue to send back fugitives to their masters until we receive orders from the *President* to the contrary." What fatal spell is cast over your honest mind, that you hesitate so long to give such orders? Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Neither nations nor individuals sin against His laws with impunity. Hear the old Hebrew Prophet, whose words seem as if spoken for *us:* "Thou should'st not have stood in the crossway to cut off those that did escape; neither should'st thou have delivered up those that did remain in the day of distress. For thy violence against thy brother, shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off forever. The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, saying, who shall bring *me* down to the ground? Though thou exalt thyself as the *eagle*, and though thou set thy nest among the *stars*, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord."

The American people have manifested almost miraculous patience, forbearance, and confidence in their rulers. They have given incontrovertible proof that their intelligence, their love of country, may be trusted to any extent. They are willing to sacrifice their fortunes and their lives, but they very reasonably wish to know what they are sacrificing them for. Men, even the bravest, do not go resolutely and cheerfully to death in the name of diplomacy and strategy. The human soul, under such circumstances, needs to be lifted up and sustained by great ideas of Justice and Freedom.

President Lincoln, it is an awful responsibility before God to quench the moral enthusiasm of a generous people. It wastes thousands of precious lives, causes an unutterable amount of slow, consuming agony, and tarnishes our record on the pages of history. Again I respectfully ask, how much longer we are to wait for the Border States, at such tremendous cost and with such a fearful risk? When a criminal is on trial, it is not deemed prudent to try by a jury who are interested in the crime. Slavery is on trial, and the verdict is left to slaveholders in the Border States. The report of their majority shows them to be slaveholders in heart and spirit. The process of reasoning and entreaty has been very properly tried with them, and the people of the free States have waited long and patiently for some obvious good result. They are getting restive; very restive. Everywhere I hear men saying: "Our President is an honest, able man, but he appears to have no firmness of purpose. He is letting the country drift to ruin for want of earnest action and a consistent policy." This is not the utterance of any one class or party. It may be heard everywhere; by the wayside, in the cars, and at the depots. Nor can I deny that some speak with less moderation. Shall I tell you what I said when cold water was thrown on the spark of enthusiasm kindled by the brave, large-hearted Gen. Hunter? I exclaimed, with a groan, "Oh, what a misfortune it is to have an extinguisher instead of a Drummond Light in our watchtower, when the Ship of State is reeling under such a violent storm, in the midst of sunken rocks, with swarms of unprincipled wreckers everywhere calculating on the profit they may derive from her destruction." The crew are working at the pumps with manly vigor and almost superhuman endurance. They look out upon a prospect veiled by dense fog, and their cry is, "Oh! God, let us know whither we are driving. Give us a clear, steady light to guide us through the darkness of the storm."

I trust you will not deem me wanting in respect for yourself or your high position, if I say frankly that you seem to trust too much to diplomatic and selfish politicians, and far too little to the heart of the people. You do them wrong, irreparable wrong, by stifling their generous instincts, and putting an extinguisher on every scintillation of moral enthusiasm. Are you not aware that moral enthusiasm is the mightiest of all forces? It is the fire which produces the steam of energy and courage, and the motion of all the long train of crowded cars depends on its expansive power. In the name of our suffering country, for the sake of a world that needs enfranchisement, I beseech you not to check the popular enthusiasm for freedom! Would that you could realize what a mighty power there is in the *heart* of a free people! No proclamations, no speeches, have stirred it to its depths, as did the heroic and kindly Gen. Banks, when he gave the weary little slave girl a ride upon his cannon. I hail the omen of that suffering little one riding to freedom on the cannon of the United States. It is impossible to estimate the benign, far-reaching influences of such an action. They cannot be arranged in statistics, and will therefore be neglected by political economists. They cannot be bought up for electioneering purposes, and therefore men called statesmen attach no importance to them. But they will run through all the patterns of our future, though history will be unable to trace to their origin in the web those golden threads that here glow in the heart of a flower, and there light up the eye of a bird. Gen. Banks was not aware of the magnetism in that simple act of humanity. It owed its magnetic power to the fact that "what within is good and true, he saw it with his *heart*." And so it wakened a responsive thrill in other kindly, generous hearts, who all remembered the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me." Such potency was there in it, that it proved an Ithuriel's spear to disguised forms of selfishness and treason. When it touched the toads, they started up devils.

In thus entreating you to trust to the impulses of the people, I by no means overlook the extreme difficulties of your position. I know that the pro-slavery spirit of the land is a mighty giant, characterized by unscrupulous selfishness and exceeding obstinacy. But I also know that all the enthusiasm is on the side of freedom. Despotism has its ugly Caliban of obstinate pride always at work for mischief. But enthusiasm is the swift and radiant Ariel, always prompt in the service of freedom. These two agents are in active competition. Choose which of them you will trust.

That you sincerely wish to save the republic the people do not doubt for a moment; and your scruples about constitutional obligations have commanded their respect. But events have educated them rapidly, and they now deny that any constitutional obligation exists toward rebels who have thrown off the Constitution, spit upon it, and trampled it under their feet. If you entered into partnership with a man who robbed you of your funds, set your house on fire, and seized you by the throat with intent to strangle you, should you consider yourself still legally bound by the articles of partnership? I trow not. But it is urged that some slaveholders are loyal. I apprehend that their name is not legion, nor their loyalty always of a kind that will stand much wear and tear. The course that some of them have pursued recalls to my mind the words of the same old Hebrew prophet: "The men of the Confederacy have brought thee even to the border. The men that were at peace with thee have deceived thee. They that eat thy bread have laid a wound under thee."

Much has been said concerning the inhumanity of rming the blacks. All war is necessarily inhuman. But I cannot perceive why there is more inhumanity in a black man fighting for his freedom than in a white man fighting for the same cause. Doubtless long years of oppression has brutalized many of the slaves, and darkened their moral sense almost as much as it has that of the slaveholders. If, wearied out with their long waiting in vain for help, and goaded by the increase of their sufferings, they should resort to insurrection, indiscriminate cruelty might be the result. But this danger would be averted by organizing them under the instruction and guidance of officers who would secure their confidence by just treatment. They are by nature docile, and have been trained to habits of obedience. There seems no reason to apprehend that their passage through any district would be accompanied with more devastation than that of other troops. As for bravery, they would be stimulated to it by the most powerful motives that can act on human nature; the prospect of freedom on the one hand, and the fear of falling into their masters' power on the other.

I need not speak of emancipation as a measure of policy. Enough has been said and written to prove that enlightened self-interest requires it at our hands. But there is one aspect of the question which seems to me very important, though generally overlooked. I mean the importance of securing the *confidence* of the slaves, of making them feel *secure* of their freedom, if they serve the United States. One of the "contrabands" at Fortress Monroe said: "We *want* to work for the United States; but we can't work with *heart*, because we feel anxious about what the United States means to do with us when the war is over." I often see suggestions about impressing the negroes and compelling them to work for us. Last night's paper states that orders have been given to employ them in some of the camps, and to pay wages to those of them who are *free*. In the name of justice, what right have we to force *slaves* to work without wages? What right have we to recognize *slaves* in persons working for the United States? Have we gone so far in this struggle, without learning yet that *heart*-labor is of infinitely more value than compulsory labor? it is our duty, as well as our best policy, to deal justly and kindly by the poor fugitives who toil for us, and to stimulate their energies by making them feel *secure* of their freedom. *Your* word, officially spoken, can alone do this. So long as you delay to utter it, one officer will scourge them and send them to their masters to be again scourged, while another will protect them. The poor creatures, whose minds are darkened by ignorance and perplexed by their masters' falsehoods about the Yankees, become completely bewildered, and know not whom to trust. Their simple declaration, "We *want* to work for the United States, but we can't work with heart," seemed to me very significant and pathetic. Is not the *heart*-service of these loyal thousands too valuable to be thrown away? If their masters, in desperation, should promise them freedom as the reward for fighting *against* us, they would doubtless accept the offer as the best bargain they could make; because, alas, they have been unable to find out what the United States means to do with them. What candid person could blame them for such a course? Should not we do the same under similar circumstances?

Oh, President Lincoln, God has placed you as a father over these poor oppressed millions. Remember their forlorn condition! Think how they have been for generations deprived of the light of knowledge and the hope of freedom! Think of the cruel lashes inflicted on them for trying to learn to read the Word of God! Think of their wives polluted, and their children sold, without any means of redress for such foul and cruel wrongs! Imagine them stealing through midnight swamps, infested with snakes and alligators, guided toward freedom by the North Star, and then hurled back into bondage by Northern bloodhounds in the employ of the United States? Think how long their groans and prayers for deliverance have gone up before God, from the hidden recesses of Southern forests! Listen to the refrain of their plaintive hymn, "Let my people go!" Above all, think of their present woeful uncertainty, scourged and driven from one to another, not knowing whom to trust! We are told that uncounted prayers go up from their bruised hearts, in the secrecy of their rude little cabins, that "God would bress Massa Lincoln." Is there nothing that touches your heart in the simple trust of these poor, benighted suffering souls? In view of it, can you still allow the officers of the United States to lash them at their pleasure and send them back to their masters, on the plea that the *President* has given no orders on the subject? Shall *such* officers go unrebuked, while Gen. Hunter is checked in his wise and humane policy, and when the great, honest soul of Gen. Phelps is driven to the alternative of disobeying the convictions of his own conscience, or quitting the service of his country? If you *can* thus stifle the moral enthusiasm of noble souls; if you *can* thus disappoint the hopes of poor, helpless wretches, who trust in you as the appointed agent of their deliverance, may God forgive you! It will require *infinite* mercy to do it.

I can imagine, in some degree, the embarrassments of your position, and I compassionate you for the heavy weight of responsibility that rests upon your shoulders. I know that you are surrounded by devils that have squeezed themselves into the disguise of toads. I pray you to lose no more time in counting these toads and calculating how big a devil each may contain. Look upward instead of downward. Place your reliance on *principles* rather than on men. God has placed you at the head of a great nation at a crisis when its free institutions are in extreme peril from enemies within and without. Lay your right arm on the buckler of the Almighty, and march fearlessly forward to universal freedom in the name of the Lord!

Pardon me if, in my earnestness, I have said aught that seems disrespectful. I have not so intended. I have been impelled to write this because night and day the plaintive song of the bondmen resounds in my ears:

"Go down, Moses, go down to Egypt's land,
And say to Pharaoh: 'Let my people go.'"

That you may be guided by Him who has said: "First righteousness, and then peace," is the earnest prayer of

Yours, respectfully,
L. MARIA CHILD.

RECONSTRUCTION.

WITH an apprenticeship of seventy-five years this nation has come to the rank of a first-class Power. Other nations waited many hundred before reaching that position which we take in our extreme youth. For we are young. The hair yet curls in our neck, and not a lock is gray. All our life is before us. What the great future shall be, is of more importance than any other question that can be put to the understanding and conscience of this people.

There lies the continent before us. Shall one tongue be spoken between the two oceans? Shall one Constitution span the continent like a heavenly arch, out of which liberty shall shine like the sun by day and the stars by night? Shall this grand nation, instinct with Christian truth, come to its patrimony full of health, strength, and virtue?

Or, shall we reel into the future (as spendthrifts, broken down by dissipation, come to their shattered estates) to find it mortgaged to slavery?

The evils of slavery to the slave are the least part of its mischief. It is a corrupter of agriculture; greedy of soil, and unable to repair its wastes. It is an enemy of mechanic arts, choosing to import its wares, rather than teach slaves the dangerous skill that would make them intelligent manufacturers. Labor is the poor man's Magna Charta. Slavery puts a stigma upon work, and proves itself an enemy of a common people. It degrades them by withholding schools. It corrupts them by contact with slaves who, in borrowing blood of white men, pay back in vices and degradation. It chokes up the channels of society with an ignorant, shiftless, stagnant white population. It breeds a class of politicians whose temper and political ideas are hostile to the very spirit of republican liberty. It is not possible for a generation of statesmen and politicians springing from vigorous slave-breeding communities, to favor the great elements of popular liberty.

There is a radical discord between liberty and slavery; not alone in abstract idea and principle, but in all their workings out into institutions, economies, policies: in all politics, industries, morals, intelligence, they are not only opposed but oppugnant. They not only will not live peaceably together, but they cannot. And shall this nation march on toward its great future distracted, divided, carrying a line of lava and a perpetual eruption where the free and slave institutions meet? Or, shall liberty prevail and rise upon all the continent with endless beneficence? Shall slavery, seceded from the nation, take possession of the lower tier of States, and the vast territories westward of Texas, and pour out its devastations there?

It is this future that gives all its importance to the present. Compared with this grand future, all parties, all policies, all Generals and Presidents, are but as shadows! For the sake of a glorious future, of harmonious free institutions, we are willing to give wealth, time, labor, suffering, and life itself.

Now, we respectfully submit to the President, whether there is any possibility of restoring the Union of *these States as it was*. For nearly two years, ten States have, *in fact*, been separated from this government. No United States Judge sits in any Court of these revolted States. No member from them has appeared in Congress for nearly two years. No United States mail travels an inland mile among them. They have their own government and army. No foreign nation is more really separate from us, and disconnected.

Now, we hold that Mr. Lincoln is justified in using every man and every dollar in this nation to maintain the authority of government over its whole territory. It is his sworn duty to establish the Union. He will do it. But it will not be the old Union. That is gone forever. That was popular, willing, concordant, undisputed. Union in the South for the next quarter of a century will be enforced upon them from without, hated, undermined, resisted. The political forms may, and should, be restored, but that which gives vitality to them—the spirit of the people—is gone for a generation.

It is simply impossible for the President to restore the Union as it *was*. The very first step toward it, military force, is a total change of the old status. He will appoint Military Governors. Where in the past is there anything like that? He will appoint Courts and their officers, and maintain their authority by the sword. He must and he ought to. But is this the old Union? Shall States to-day hot with war, to-morrow submit and send Representatives to Congress? Must there not be, will there not be, a probationary period, in which the exercise of civil rights will be either suspended or limited? And is this a restoration of the old Union, in which there is neither the consent of the people, nor their old political usages, but in which the government, by its rightful authority, determines the position of States, the liberty of the people, and their whole political status? This is not restoration. It is reconstruction. Since the only issue between the North and South is, the government at Washington; since the government will be obliged at every step to overcome rebellion, by vindicating its authority by force, disputing with Southern slaveholders who shall wield each law, every tax, every election, each Court, Legislature, is it not plain that there is to be a total overthrow of the local sovereignty and civil independence until they are subordinate to the General government?

These are not theories. They are FACTS. Five years ago and the United States government could not meddle with the arms of a citizen in New Orleans, with the transfer of his property, with the freedom of the press, with the ballot-box. But now all these are under the control of the Federal government.

Since, then, the old Union is *de facto* ceased, and all the local rights lapsed by rebellion to the hands of the government, and it is to reconstruct the Union, would it be stretch of authority in the government so to reconstruct it as to insure its perpetuity by purging out all possible cause of future discord? The President has the authority. He is exercising it every day. All that we ask is, that he will look FORWARD and not BACKWARD; that he will consider the nation of the future and not mere precedents in the past. There is very little behind, in the history of slavery, that we can use except as a warning. The compromises of the Constitution have been the fruitful causes of all our woes. The compromises with slavery at every step for half a century have been but running in debt to war. We are now having a fiery settlement.

We must look to the future for the true history of this great nation. We have begun our march toward it. Shall we go rolling and quarrelling down upon the plains of the West with a fierce intestine war of slavery and liberty—or shall the government, by the power inherent in it, by the Constitution, at one blow rid us of slavery, and leave us to carry a wide front of civilization, liberty, and religion over all the great outlying continent? It will require no more force to destroy slavery and rebellion together, than each will require separately. To put down rebellion first, and attend to slavery afterwards, is letting two serpents uncoil, that may as well be stricken through with one blow.—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

THE RIVER.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul;
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my stream as I hurry along.
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

THOUGHTS FROM C. C. BURLEIGH'S DISCOURSE, AUGUST 17, 1862:

TEXT: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

IN all times men who look upon the outward world are prone to misjudge the real force which they see at work in it, and perhaps more so now than ordinarily. The putting forth of brute force, the wielding of weapons by the strong muscle, and the well constructed machine, men are apt to imagine are those things upon which they may rely: but the real power of the universe is not there. The old prophet had set forth where the power is which might be safely trusted. It is "*the word*" which is to do the world's work after all; or, to use words which we often hear, it is "*the power of an idea.*" Mere brute force is nothing but a manifestation of the spirit which lies behind. Yet there were from time men who saw this truth. The most ancient writer whose works we had, attributed creative power to the word. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." And a more modern writer, borrowing from the old Grecian philosophy, taught that all things came into being through the action of the word. "In the beginning was the word," etc. Language, which grows out of man's experience and observation, expresses knowledge and power by the same simple monosyllable: "*Can*" is to know. The word of truth is mighty because it is the expression of that which is almighty. The power of the universe is spirit. This is the real force of the universe. We move the locomotive along the iron track by the force of steam, or rather heat or electricity, which we direct. We talk of centrifugal and centripetal forces, and of gravitation binding the spheres in their orbits: but what is gravitation? Is it anything less than the action of spirit upon matter? We conclude therefore that the power in which we may trust is that which finds its expression in the word of divine truth. We call it physical power when it takes certain forms. The word of divine truth is destined to accomplish whereto it is sent, because it is the vehicle of the power which controls the universe; because it is, as far as it goes, *the revelation of the divine idea or purpose. He who has the truth has Omnipotence to back him.* He who is guided by the divine word acts in accordance with Omnipotence; *he gathers up in his hand so much of the divine power as the truth, which he has taken hold of, represents.*

The divine power never works spasmodically, as in some miraculous exercise. To be sure, miracles are all around us; but a miracle, in the sense in which some men use it, the speaker had not been able to see. A miracle, in such a sense, was to him a confession of weakness, a want of foresight. He looked for it in no capricious outbreak. Omnipotence is governed by law. It is almighty power working in the track of infinite wisdom. Moral power is the highest power. Omnipotence is only another name for omniscience. Truth being the revelation of the divine plan, so far as we strike truth, we strike the plan of the divine action. You must get hold of truth if you would move men. Here we are in this spiritual universe, of which the natural is only the outside garment, subject to the spiritual law, the revelation of which we call truth.

The mechanic in making a machine must obey the laws of mechanics. Steam must act according to the laws of steam. Our rulers think, in governing a nation, they can despise God's word. This they call expediency and policy; putting statecraft and expediency in the place of right; and so they go stumbling along in darkness, until God smites the pinnacles of their pride and lays their national prosperity in the dust.

The physical law is only another utterance of the same great truth. God speaks to us now in the sunshine, and in the mild breath of spring; now launching the index of his intelligence in his lightning bolt, and writing the red letters of his law on the sides of the burning mountain.

God's word is only so much of the revelation of the great plan by which God made the universe. The world's whole history is an illustration of the truth which the speaker set forth. What do we mean by "*the power of an idea,*" but that the word of God shall accomplish that whereto it is sent?

The speaker gave illustrations of the power of ideas in building up different forms of society, beginning with the earliest, or patriarchal, and going on through the despotic, monarchical, theocratical, republican and democratic; referring to the patriarchal under Abraham; the kingdoms of Nineveh, Babylon, and Israel, and the republics of Greece and Sparta: showing clearly, from their respective histories, that they prospered only so far as they recognized the word of truth, or the laws of right; and all have gone down because tainted with falsehood and selfishness. Sparta had many good elements in her government; but she was slaveholding, and was therefore destroyed. Coming down to the present day, the people of the United States are boasting of their light and freedom. The speaker asked, "Do you suppose you are to be made a grand exception to all the ages? I tell you, nay." How is it with this nation to-day? It started with a grand idea, capable of achieving great things: it was the idea of human rights, the rights of human nature. But there was introduced with it a false idea—slavery. Never was there a more complete despotism than that of this country. The speaker reviewed the action of the government at this crisis. We should not be successful until we made the war *vital with an idea.* The President, instead of carrying out the idea of justice and freedom to all, was talking to four million of loyal but oppressed people of *gradual* emancipation and *banishment* to Central America; and this to a people in whom the attachment to birthplace is exceedingly strong, and who by toils and sufferings have earned a right to live here. To be sure, Central America, the President informs them, is not just what it should be: there are civil wars every few years, so that they could not be secure in their lives and property!

If our nation goes to ruin